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The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

JANUARY, 1868.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. III. JANUARY, 1868. Vol. IV

CONTENTS.

Sketch of 1st. Kentucky Brigade, By Gen. Geo. B. Hodge, Newport, Ky.....177
Attainment, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexington, Va.....181
Notes on Current Literature, By John R. Thompson, Esq., Richmond, Virginia.....183
Over The River, By Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, Lexington, Ky.192
Perfect Through Suffering, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, of Charlotte, North Carolina.....193
The Marble Lily, By Mrs. C. S. West, Austin, Texas.....204
Grape Culture, By Hon. H. W. Ravenel, Aiken, S. C.....208
King Constitution I., By Dr. F. O. Ticknor, Columbus, Ga...217
Mary Ashburton, By Elise Beverly, Maryland.....218
My Southern Home, By Col. Beuhring H. Jones, Lewisburg, West Virginia.....228
Universal Exposition of 1867, By M. G. Belknap, Paris, France.....230
We Will Wait, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C.....239
Character of the Southern People, By Hugh R. Pleasants, Goochland C. H., Virginia.....243
Haversack.....249
Editorial.....257

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. III. JANUARY, 1868. Vol. IV.

SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

THE night of the 14th was passed at Camp Trousdale, where summer barracks, which had been erected to accommodate the Tennessee volunteers stationed there for instruction, afforded but inadequate protection against the bitter cold of the night. These were the next night burned by the cavalry, which covered the retreat, and afforded to the people, of Tennessee, the first evidence that their State was about to be invaded. The spirits of the army, however, were cheered by the accounts which, General Johnston, with thoughtful care, forwarded by means of couriers, daily, of the successful resistance of Fort Donelson. The entire army bivouacked in line of battle on the night of the 15th at the junction of the Gallatin and Nashville, and Bowling Green and Nashville roads, about ten miles from Nashville. It was confidently believed that by means of boats, a large portion of the force would be sent to the relief of Fort Donelson. But on the morning of the 16th, it began to be whispered first among the higher officers, spreading thence, in spite of every precaution, to the ranks, that Donelson not only had fallen, but that the divisions of Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner had been surrendered as prisoners of war, rumors of the wildest nature flew from regiment to regiment, the enemy were coming upon transports to Nashville, the bridges were being destroyed—the forts below the city were already surrendered—the retreat of the army was cut off: and as if to confirm the rumors, during the entire morning, the explosion of heavy artillery was heard in front and in the direction of Nashville. This proved to be caused by the firing of guns at Fort Zollicoffer, which

after having being heavily charged were, with their muzzles in the earth, exploded to destroy them. At 4 p. m., on the 16th, the head of the brigade came in sight of the bridges, at Nashville, across which, in dense masses, were streaming infantry, artillery, and transportation and provision trains, but still with a regularity and order which gave promise of renewed activity and efficiency in the future. At night-fall, General Johnston, who had established his head-quarters at Edgefield on the northern bank of the Cumberland, saw the last of his wearied and tired columns defile across and safely establish themselves beyond.

Amid all the disasters and gloom of the retreat, the great captain had abundant cause of self-gratulation and confidence. He had reached Kentucky in October of the previous year to find the plan of occupation of the State to be upon three parallel lines of invasion, and yet all dependant upon a single point as the base of operations and the depot of supplies. Vicious and faulty as these unforeseen events proved it to have been, he had made the most of the situation. He found an army of hastily levied volunteers, badly equipped, miserably clad, fully one half stricken down by disease, destitute of transportation, and with barely the shadow of discipline. Never able to wield more than eighteen thousand fighting men at and around Bowling Green, with these men he held at bay a force of the enemy of fully one hundred thousand men. The Southern States were protected from invasion. Time was obtained to drill and consolidate the volunteer force. The army was sustained in the fertile and abundant grain producing regions of Kentucky, transportation gathered of the most efficient character, immense supplies of beef, corn and pork collected from the surrounding country and safely garnered in depots further South for the coming summer campaign, and when finally the defeat of Crittenden, and the overwhelming attack on Donelson had apparently cut off his retreat, leaving him eighty miles in front of his base of operations and his magazines, he had with promptness, unrivalled military sagacity, and yet with mingled caution and celerity, dismantled his fortifications at Bowling Green, transmitted his heavy artillery and ammunition to Nashville, and extricated his entire army from the jaws of almost certain annihilation and capture.—The enemy came from the capture of Fort Donelson, in which he had lost in killed and wounded a force equal to the entire garrison of the place, to see, to his astonishment, an army in his front undismayed, and held in hand by a General who had just displayed to the world military qualities of the highest order, and a genius for strategy which seemed to anticipate all his plans and as readily to baffle them. In the capture of the army defending Donelson the Confederacy lost, as prisoners of war, the gallant and idolized Buckner, Hanson and his splendid regiment, and many Kentuckians connected with the staff of those officers.

The night of February 16th found the army encamped safely upon the Murfreesboro and Nashville road, but it found the city of Nashville in a condition of wild and frantic anarchy.

The Capital of Tennessee, Nashville, contained ordinarily, a population of about 30,000 souls. The revolution had made it the rendezvous of thousands, fleeing from Kentucky, Missouri, and Western Virginia. So great was the throng of strangers, that lodging could be, with difficulty, procured at any price, every house was filled and overflowing, boarding was held at fabulous prices, and private citizens whose wealth would, under most circumstances, have secured their domesticity from intrusion were, perforce, compelled to accommodate and shelter strangers whom the misfortunes of exile and persecution had thrown upon the world.—Many business-houses and warehouses had been transformed into hospitals for the sick soldiery of the forces in Kentucky. So great was the influx of invalids that in many private families, as many as three and four of the sick were to be found. Here too were brought hundreds of artificers and artizans, the government having established manufactories of various kinds to supply the wants of the army. In no single city of the Confederacy was to be found so large and so varied a supply of all those articles which are essential to the maintenance of a large and well-appointed army. During the fall and winter, under government patronage and assistance, many thousands of hogs and bullocks had been slaughtered and packed; these were stored in the city. Immense magazines, of ammunitions, of arms, large and small, of ordnance stores, of clothing, of camp equipage, were located here. Capacious warehouses were filled with rice, flour, sugar, molasses, and coffee, to the value of many millions of dollars. The Chief Quarter-master and Commissary were accustomed to fill at once the requisitions of the armies of Kentucky and of Missouri, of Texas and the Gulf. It may be safely estimated, that at the fall of Donelson, Nashville had crowded within its limits not less than sixty thousand residents. It never seems to have occurred to the citizens, or indeed the government, that Nashville was really in danger, a few unimportant and valueless earth-works had been thrown up, looking to its defense, but no systematic plan of fortification had been fixed upon or followed up, nothing but the situation of Fort Donelson, on the State line, prevented the enemy's gun-boats, or even his unarmed transports from coming up to the city and mooring at its wharfs.

One Sunday morning as the citizens were summoned by the church bells to the various houses of worship, in the city, congratulations were joyously exchanged upon the successful defense of Fort Donelson. Ere the hours of morning devotion had expired, the news of its fall came like a clap of thunder in a summer sky. The most excited, and improbable stories were circulated, yet no exaggeration, no improbability

seemed too monstrous to command credence. Donelson was more than an hundred miles down the river, yet it was insisted that the enemy's boats were within a few miles of the city. The passage of the army across the Cumberland, and through the town, added to the general panic and confusion. Consternation, terror, and shameful cowardice seemed to have seized alike upon the unthinking multitude, and the officers, who were expected to evince fortitude and manliness; and now commenced a wild and frantic struggle for escape; thousands who had never borne arms, who were by all the laws of civilized warfare exempt from the penalties of hostilities, were impressed with the conviction that the safety of their lives depended upon escaping from the doomed Capital. On all the railroads from the city, trains were hourly run, bearing fugitives a few miles into the interior.—The country roads were thronged with vehicles of every character and description, the hire of hacks rose to ten, twenty, fifty, even an hundred dollars for two or three hours use. Night brought no cessation of the tumult. It rained in torrents, but all through the night might be seen carriages, wagons, drays and tumbrils crowded with affrighted men and their families. Tender and delicate women, feebly and carefully nurtured children were to be found exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, in open carts and wagons, abandoning luxurious and costly houses for the precarious sustenance of doubtful and uncertain charity in their flights. Nor was the disgraceful panic confined to non-combatants or timid citizens—men who had gained high reputations for courage and presence of mind, seemed to have ignored every sentiment of manliness in their indecent haste to secure safety, nay, some who were high in military position, whose province and whose duty it was peculiarly and particularly, to guard public property and protect government stores, used their official position to obtain trains of cars upon which were packed their household furniture, their carriages, their horses and their private effects, and having effected this, they made haste to be gone.

Troops were left in the city by order of Gen. Johnston, but the mob spirit rose triumphant: for many days the store houses of the government stood open and abandoned by their proper custodians—every one was at liberty to help himself to what he desired, and it may well be supposed that the thousands who crowded the streets were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege. Not only were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of provisions carried away and sequestered, but the very streets and highways were strewn with bales and packages of raiment and clothing hastily taken away and as recklessly abandoned. It was currently estimated that public property to the value of at least five millions of dollars was dissipated and destroyed in a few hours. There were not wanting, however, noble and brilliant examples of firmness, courage and forethought. On Tuesday follow-

ing the surrender, the wagon master of the 2nd Kentucky regiment reached the headquarters of the Kentucky brigade with fourteen empty wagons with which he had escaped from Fort Donelson.—These the gallant Breckinridge loaded with supplies of subsistence and clothing, which were the means of comfort to his command months after the abandonment of Nashville. Even when the enemy was hourly expected in the city he might have been seen on the northern bank of the Cumberland superintending the transit of hreds of the well kept cattle brought from Kentucky, that his command might be furnished with fresh rations during their further retreat.

Slowly and steadily the army fell back from Nashville until, on the 22d of February, it reached Murfreesboro. Effecting then a junction with the army of General Crittenden which had retreated from Fishing Creek, and for the first time since the departure from Bowling Green, Gen. Johnston found himself in condition to offer and accept battle from the enemy.

ATTAINMENT.

(*Carmen Natale.*)

Rare-ripe, with rich, concentrate sweetness,
All girlish crudities subdued,
You stand, to-day, in the completeness
Of your consummate womanhood.

The stem supports no pensile flower—
No merely graceful petall'd shoot;
But all, thro' fostering sun and shower,
Develops into perfect fruit.

And this is what we looked for: can it
Fail of such ends, in Nature's law?
—Who marvels at the full pomegranate,
That watched the blossom free from flaw!

Yet 'tis not only summer weather
That purples o'er the laden'd vine;
Fierce heats—slant rains combine together,
To fill the grapes with golden wine.

We heed too carelessly, the uses
Of the rude buffets of the wind;
Or how they stir the quicken'd juices,
Or crimson-tint the fruity rind.

Even while we mark the mellow'd graces—
The ripen'd heart—the mind mature—
We disallow the trials' traces,
That wrought results so high and pure.

We learn thro' suffering: 'Tis the story
World-old and weary; and we know,
—Tho' we renounce the wisdom hoary—
That all our tests will prove it so.

You 've conned the lesson: every feature
Is instinct with the dear-bought lore:
You comprehend how far the creature
Can meet the creature's need;—and more

Than this;—you 've guaged and weighed the human,
With just, deliberate, firm control,
And found the perfect poise of woman—
The pivot-balance of her soul.

And thus, sustained and strengthened by it,
You front the future: Bring it balm,
Or bring it bitter,—no disquiet
Shall mar the inviolable calm.

Let the years come! They shall but double
God's benison within your breast:
Nor time, nor care, nor change shall trouble
The halcyon of this central rest.

NOTES ON CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Of making many books there is no end," said the Preacher centuries upon centuries ago, but the saying has never been comprehended in its full force till now. Notwithstanding wars and money-panics, coöperation strikes and business paralysis, the presses of Europe and America have been constantly at work during the year, and the multiplication of books seems to increase with national quarrels and financial troubles. Whatever men do, there must be historians to narrate and poets to sing, and the facility of writing keeps pace with the rapid march of events and the crowding occupations of individual life.—Not only are there a larger number of people who fancy themselves competent to instruct or amuse or edify their fellow creatures, more essayists, novelists, annalists, verse-makers, playwrights, than at any previous period of the world's history, but the popular author rivals the fecundity of the most voluminous writers of a bygone age, of Lope de Vega and Voltaire. The most industrious of critics and reviewers can do little more than glance at the titles of the majority of the works that appear every month, and a summary of the contents of the most remarkable must of necessity be brief not to tax the patience of the reader nor to exceed the space that can be assigned to it in a magazine.

The publishers of Paris have given an unwonted degree of attention of late to English matters. A new volume of Walpoliana under the title of "Lord Walpole at the French Court," has just been issued by M. le Comte de Baillou, who has been permitted by the family a very free use of the Walpole Correspondence; and another "History of Cromwell," from a French stand-point, has been brought out by M. Dargand, a writer already favorably known as a historiographer, who traces the history of England, in its pages, to the downfall of the Stuarts. An interesting work on the earlier sermons of Bossuet has just come from the pen of M. Gaudar, supplementary to a larger work on the life and genius of the great Bishop of Meaux, previously given to the world. M. Gaudar is thoroughly enamored of his subject, and has made it a matter of profound and careful research, and the result has been a volume which contains a vast deal of valuable information, concerning the French pulpit orator that is not elsewhere accessible. It is a curious coincidence that the same month which marks the appearance of this critical memoir of the early labors of Bossuet, should witness the publication of *La Jeunesse de Voltaire*. No contrast could be more striking, certainly, than that of the youthful divine, painfully re-writing his sermons for the third or fourth time, and the young reprobate of the "Société du Temple," rioting in the pleasures of a most dissolute peri-

od, and vainly endeavoring to drink glass for glass with that unconquerable Vendome, of whom the Duke of Orleans was lost in admiration, because he had not gone to bed sober for forty years. *La Jeunesse de Voltaire* is the work of M. Gustave Desnoiresterres. It is likely to have more readers than M. Gaudar's life of Bossuet, and yet will be eclipsed in popularity, beyond a doubt, by *La Jeunesse d'Alexandre Dumas* whenever this unannounced memoir shall burst upon a delighted Paris. The younger Dumas has given his *concitoyens* reason to look for something of this kind in the title of the comedy upon which he is at present engaged, "*Le Fils de Son Père.*" The *New Paris Guide*, "by the principal Writers and Artists of France," has been completed in Two Volumes of nearly a thousand pages each. As a *vade mecum* for the stranger in Paris, supplying such useful information, offhand, as the foreigner just set down on the Place de la Concorde would like to know, it cannot for a moment be compared with *Galignani*. Indeed the book is not written for Englishmen or Americans, but for the French themselves. M. Victor Hugo makes the Great Exposition building in the Champs de Mars a tripod from which he celebrates the Paris of the present and discourses, in his cloudy oracular way, on the future glory of the Capital disclosed to his poet vision. "Palermo," says he, "has Etna, Paris has Thought. Constantinople is nearer the Sun, Paris is nearer Civilization.—Athens has built the Parthenon, but Paris has demolished the Bastile." This is all very fine, no doubt; it is certainly very French or very Hugo-esque, but it would be much more to the purpose, as far as the usefulness of a Guide-book is concerned, to tell the stranger how to see the factory of Sevres or the Gobelins. All the writers in the *Paris Guide* are more or less caught up by the Pythonic rage of M. Victor Hugo. But then the French Institute is described by M. Renan, the Académie Francaise by M. Sainte Beuve, and the Académie des Sciences by M. Bertholet. Add to this, that the State of Medicine in Paris is treated by the able hand of M. Littré, the same who has just published the 16th part of a new "Dictionary of the French Language" of the highest excellence, and that the history of the Imperial press and the annals of printing have been prepared by M. Firmin Didot, and it is abundantly manifest, it goes without speaking, as the French say, that the Paris Guide is a work of unusual and permanent importance. It is noteworthy, however, that in a work of this kind, professedly "by the *principal* writers and *artists* of France," there should be no illustration from the facile crayon of M. Gustave Doré. This indefatigable worker is about to give us some twenty illustrations of the Raven of Edgar Poe. This fact in itself suffices to prove the universal popularity of Poe in France.—When Doré was asked to illustrate the "Idylls of the King" he asked "Who, then, is this

Tennyson?", no translations of whose poems had ever been brought to his notice. But all France is familiar with Edgar Poe. It will be a matter of curiosity to see how Doré will overcome the physical difficulty of the last stanza of the Raven, by what contrivance he will get the shadow of the bird upon the floor of the apartment—

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming casts his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—never more!

Observe that the bust is over the door, and the bird upon the bust, and the lamplight above the bird, by what fashion of lighting an apartment it shall be for M. Doré to make plain.

Apropos of Tennyson, a Paris edition of his writings in five volumes has just been published and is selling at the rate of two hundred copies a day. The low price of the edition, ten francs for the whole, furnishes us the secret of this success. It is in the English text and is not altogether the work for large acceptance at the hands of the French reading public.—Englishmen and Americans are probably for the most part the purchasers, and the Parisian publisher has just discovered in the bard that rich mine of wealth which the well known Boston house has been working with splendid results for years in the United States.

In London, Messrs. Moxon & Company have brought out, in uniform style with "*Elaine*," published last year, "*Vivien*," and "*Guinevere*," each embellished with nine photographs from Doré's drawings; but as yet we hear nothing definite of "The Death of Lucretius," the promised new poem of the Laureate; from whom not a line has been printed since the appearance of "Enoch Arden." Browning is engaged, it is said, in rewriting "*Sordello*," whether with the view of making that mystic production intelligible to the ordinary understanding or not, gossip is silent. If he should write it again backwards, as Douglas Jerrold suggested, or commence in the middle and leave off at both ends, in either case the poem might, in respect of comprehensibility, be improved. Still more startling is the statement, in view of the shortness of human life, that Browning has ready for the press a poem of fifteen thousand lines in which his whole philosophy will be incomprehensibly set forth. One of the most considerable works now in progress is a Dictionary of the Latin Language by Professor Key, formerly of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, with whom is associated a learned German, Dr. Wagner. This *magnum opus* will be in no sense a translation from a work in another language, but an original contribution to the scholastic literature of England, embodying the results of a life-long study of the Latin tongue. Of translations, the English reader is promised a valuable one in the "History of Israel to the Death of Moses," from the German of

Professor Ewald of Gottingen by Mr. Russell Martineau, Hebrew Professor in New College at Manchester. And among other forthcoming novelties is an English edition of Walt. Whitman, to be edited with biographical preface by W. M. Rossetti and published by John Camden Hotten. Of all the compliments in which England has been so lavish towards the United States since the termination of the recent war, perhaps none other has been so delicate and yet so overwhelming as this recognition of the great American bard, this opportunity given him of sounding "his barbaric yawp over the roofs of"——Piccadilly.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer has rendered a valuable service to literature in his "Historic Characters," a work in two volumes, wherein he records his impressions of some of the most eminent men with whom he has been brought into association in his long career as a diplomatist, and who have passed away—Mackintosh, Talleyrand, Cobbett, Canning, and Peel. Such volumes have great value as *memoires pour servir* even when prepared by a less gifted writer than Sir Henry Bulwer. The lives of great leaders and statesmen ought to be as fully known as possible. It is the general conviction of this fact that gives importance to the work with which the Duke of Wellington is now occupied, that of printing for preservation, not for the public eye, the whole body of the MSS. of his illustrious father.—The Duke's desire is to commit everything to the keeping of print—"the art preservative of all arts," and three copies will be deposited for safety at three different points, Apsley House, Strathfieldsaye, and the Duke's banker's, in the city of London. At some future time, when the publication of the papers will affect no living person, the volumes may be reprinted for general circulation.

Among the announcements of John Murray is one of "Eighty Years of Republican Government in America," by Louis J. Jennings, but lately correspondent of the London *Times*, in the United States, in which capacity he approved himself an acute observer and vigorous writer. The views of Mr. Jennings as to the working of republican institutions on this continent will be fully understood, of course, only when his volumes have been presented to the world, but the fact that the New York press speaks of him as possessing the sagacity and insight of De Tocqueville is significant of a favorable verdict.

A London edition has just appeared of Hon. Wm. Elliott's "Carolina Sports on Land and Water," Devil Fishing, etc., and the book has been fortunate enough to secure a favorable notice from the *Athenæum*.

Routledge & Co., publish, for English and American readers, "1001 Gems of English Poetry," edited by Dr. Charles Mackay. The book has been long delayed on account of the Doctor's difficulty in finding so many gems, when the compiler of any New England Common School Common-place Book might have helped him to 2002 at a day's notice. Dr.

Mackay is catholic enough to embrace the verse-makers of America in the body of his English Poets, but we are surprised to find that he gives no line of Cooke or Pinkney. If "Florence Vane" and "Look out upon the Stars, my love" are not "gems," our judgment has been greatly at fault.

Mary Godolphin has prepared, for children, a version of Robinson Crusoe, which is another of Routledge's latest publications. The novelty of it consists in its being written wholly in words of one syllable, and the writer's success has been so decided that it may be read aloud to grown folks without the trick being discovered.

The name of novels is Legion, and the new school of sensation is dominant, with its flamy-haired young women, *bien accelérées et décolletées*, who break young colts, lovers' hearts and the seventh commandment, and its leonine swells with the tawny moustaches, who pass the languid hours in seducing their neighbors' wives and ride desperately to the devil at other people's expense by moonlight. "Under Two Flags," by Ouida, is the last and most striking of these romances, and it has been republished in this country, by Lippincott, of Philadelphia. Miss Braddon, Edmund Yates and the author of "Guy Livingstone," are all outdone by this new novelist of fast life. Yet all these are before the public with fresh stories of fashion and passion. What wonder, when we consider that such books hold the attention of the young people of England, and when Swinburne is hailed as the poet teacher of the age, that the wise old man of Chelsea, re-writing his Latter Day Pamphlet of "Shooting Niagara," should say of literature, "In fifty years, I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province, left it to the roaring populaces; and for any *noble*-man, or useful person, it will be a credit rather to declare, 'I never tried literature, believe me, I have not written anything;' and we of 'literature' by trade, we shall sink again, I perceive, to the rank of street-fiddling, no higher rank, though with endless increase of sixpence flung into the hat."

Mr. Anthony Trollope's latest volume is a collection of stories contributed to *Good Words* and other magazines, to which he gives the leading prefix of *Lotta Schmidt*. One of the stories entitled "The Two Generals" is founded upon the war of Secession in which two Kentucky brothers are supposed to take opposite sides. Mr. Trollope's "Last Chronicle of Barset" had a success in England the more remarkable because the tone of the novel is so widely different from that of the works to which we have just referred. An ingenious piece of advertising, by the way, occurs in the "Last Chronicle of Barset" which is creditable to Mr. Trollope's skill. Two young men travel in the same railway carriage and exchange newspapers. One has the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* and the other has the *News* and the *Spectator*, but *both* have the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The

time of the events of the story was during, and for a few months after, the war in America. Now the *Pall Mall Gazette* was first issued in May, 1865, and to represent it, when it was only a few weeks old, as having double the circulation of *Times*, or *Saturday*, or *News*, or *Spectator* is clever for one of the *Pall Mall's* contributors.

Miss Brock's book on Richmond During the War has met with a most favorable reception in all quarters. It is one of the publications of Carleton, a very popular and successful publisher, who rarely makes a blunder in anything to which he affixes his *imprimatur*. Miss Brock writes with ease and grace, and her narative wins confidence by its evident truthfulness. There is need of more careful proof-reading of the second edition, for in the first the name of Latané is unaccountably given as Letoni.

Mr. Charles Astor Bristed has reappeared in letters as author of a timely treatise on "The Interference Theory of Government." It is mainly directed against the Prohibition Laws, or what he styles the "agrarian movement" of the day, but it embodies some excellent reflections upon intermeddling by legislation with matters that properly belong to individual self-control.

The Appletons, of this city, who are the recognized publishers of Miss Muhlbach's novels, (a graceful letter from her has just been printed in the daily papers acknowledging the receipt of One Thousand Thalers remitted by the Messrs. Appleton) have just added to the series, *Napoleon and the Queen of Prussia*. The story, which was written to represent Napoleon from the stand-point of Berlin, to sketch him, as we might say, in Prussian Blue, and which was handsomely rewarded by the reigning King as a work of patriotism, lacks the vivid dramatic interest of *Joseph the Second and his Court*, while the translation falls far behind the elegance and spirit of Madame de Chaudron.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, have re-printed a very coarse and rubbishy volume, by Miss Emmeline Lott, on *Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople*, in which absolutely nothing of the least interest is told of the domestic habits of the ladies (?) of the Viceroy and the Sultan. Miss Lott was an English governess, to whom was entrusted the early education of the Viceroy's son, and had good opportunities of observation, but beyond a most revolting coarseness, which exceeds Swift himself, the book is not remarkable. All poetry fades out of the Harem in Miss Lott's pages, the routine of it is stupid, vulgar and beastly.

Not content with re-printing one bad book from the English edition, the Messrs. Peterson threaten the public with another, an original work, being the Letters of Colonel John W. Forney, descriptive of his recent Tour of Europe. Anything more vapid and utterly unprofitable than these Letters it is scarcely possible to conceive. The writer was so ignorant of modern French history as to inform his newspaper readers that the remains of Na-

poleon I. were removed from St. Helena, in 1854 by Napoleon III., but gross inaccuracies of this sort will probably not be repeated in the volume, as the Letters were placed in the hands of Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, a very competent person, to be revised, before being committed to the book press.

An infinite deal of twaddle on art and morals and human life has been put into blank verse, and published under the title of *Kathrina*, by Dr. Holland, the most popular of New England's poets. As Longfellow is the American Tennyson, so Dr. Holland is the American Tupper. The poem has already gone through several editions, and will make the author a handsome return in green-backs. The publishers are Scribner & Co., who have just started a useful little periodical entitled *The Book Buyer*, the object of which is to assist purchasers in the selection of books, by supplying trustworthy information concerning the latest publications. The same house has in preparation for the holidays a superb volume, of questionable taste, from the pen of Mrs. Ellet—*The Queens of American Society*. The Southern Queens, of whom sketches and portraits are to be given, are Mrs. President Polk and Mrs. W. A. Cheatham, of Tennessee, Mrs. Sallie Ward Hunt, of Kentucky, and Madame Le Vert, of Alabama.

"A Common School Grammar of the English Language, by Simon Kerl, A. M.," from the press of Messrs. Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., is one of those rudimentary works for the instruction of the ingenuous youth of the country, which the teachers of the South ought to accept gratefully from Northern publishers. The pupil will derive from it incidentally a great deal of useful information, apart from nouns, verbs, adverbs, prepositions and participles, that is not to be found in ordinary grammars. Mr. Kerl is a model exemplifier. The parts of speech, as he manipulates them, praise New England—the very vowels vocalize her fame.—We have never met with such parochial prosody or such sectional syntax. Moreover as a guide to a course of reading it is invaluable, for while the excerpts given for illustration are few in number they are choice, and Longfellow, Lowell and Read are in the happiest companionship with Shakspeare, Milton and Byron. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few of the "examples" of this ingenious grammarian, from which it will be seen that the universe continues to revolve smoothly around Boston, that central fixed spot which knows neither revolution nor rebellion.

"Examples to be corrected" (with reference to the proper use of capital letters.)

"The blood of those who have Fallen at concord, lexington and Bunker hill, cries aloud, 'it is time to part.'"

"He was President of the Massachusetts historical society, and the Editor of the Boston daily advertiser."

"A presbyterian minister preached every sunday at west Brookfield."

"The Guests were entertained by mayor Rice, at his residence, no. 24 union park." (Boston understood.) . . . . .

"When a common noun denotes an object in the sense of a proper noun, it becomes a proper noun.

"Ex.—The Common." (Boston, of course.) . . . . .

"A pair or series of nouns, implying common possession, take the possessive sign at the end, and but once.

"A pair or series of nouns, not implying common possession, or emphatically distinguished, take each the possessive sign.

"Ex.—'*Webster's* and *Worcester's* Dictionary'; *i. e.*, Webster's Dictionary and Worcester's Dictionary." . . . . .

"When no verb joins the terms, the latter term is said to be in *apposition* with the other, and is called an *appositive*.

"Ex.—'Webster, the *orator* and *statesman*, was not related to Webster the *lexicographer*.'" . .

"A series of substantives placed after a verb, when the verb, for the sake of emphasis, agrees only with the first, and is understood to each of the rest, (cited as calling for the singular.)

"Ex.—'There is Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever.'—*Webster*." . . . . .

"A term set off parenthetically or emphatically. (cited as calling for the plural.)

"Ex.—'Our *statesmen*, especially John Adams, *have reached* a good old age.'" . . . . .

Other miscellaneous examples.

"We went to Boston. Boston is the capital of Massachusetts."

"I saw Webster, the great *statesman* and *orator*."

"Our guide showed us where Warren is supposed to have fallen."

"Mr. C. S. Bushnell, of New Haven, has presented the divinity school *with* five thousand dollars.

"Say—has presented five thousand dollars to the divinity school."

It will be seen from these examples how very much the intelligent pupil will learn, from Kerl's Grammar, of New England biography and history. Many more such might be quoted from the book. One other, however, will suffice. It is perfect in its way.

"In comparison," Mr. Kerl tells the class in grammar, "*other, else*, or a similar word, must sometimes be inserted to prevent the leading term from being compared with itself."

Now mark the example.

"*No magazine is so well written as the Atlantic Monthly.*"

The proper form of this sentence is

"No other magazine is so well written as the Atlantic Monthly," and it embodies a fact in literature, gratifying to the national pride, that cannot be too strongly impressed on the youthful mind of America.

An English Grammar of a very different kind is that of Professor Geo. Frederick Holmes, of the University of Virginia, published by Richardson & Co., of this city. This work is elementary, being designed for young pupils, but it bears the impress of the scholar and thinker in the clearness of its

arrangement and the beauty of its expositions. Another volume from the same compiler and publisher is the "Southern Fifth Reader," the latest of the well-known University Series of school books. The exercises in this Reader are selected, with two or three exceptions, from American writers, but while the aim has been to represent the *litterateurs* of the Southern States who have heretofore been wholly ignored in works of this kind, Professor Holmes has drawn largely from Northern authors, and we find elegant extracts from Irving, Audubon, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cooper, Lanman and others.—Messrs. Richardson & Co., have also brought out some excellent school books, prepared by the University colleagues of Professor Holmes, such as the "Grammar in French" and "First French Reader," of Professor Schele De-Vere, the "Latin Grammar," of Professor Gildersleeve, and "Venable's Mental Arithmetic." A new edition of Mrs. Forrest's "Women of the South" is another of the publications of Richardson & Co., who promise two new works which are likely to meet with great success—the one a new Southern novel, *Randolph Honor*, by the author of Ingemisco, and the other, a "History of the Lee Family, of Virginia," by E. C. Mead. The author of the latter will be assisted by Mrs. General Lee, and the book is announced to be ready this month.

The *Vita Nuova* of Dante, the earliest of the writings of the great Italian poet, translated by C. H. Norton, has just been published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in really magnificent style as a companion volume to the translation of the *Divina Commedia* by Mr. Longfellow. In the *New Life*, Dante began the story of his love which has hallowed the name of Beatrice in the affections of mankind. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce the *Atlantic Almanac*, the joint work of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell, which will probably be as "well written as the *Atlantic Monthly*," and calculated doubtless for the latitude of Boston.—Dr. Holmes will give us the "music of the spheres" and Ik. Marvel will adorn the horticultural department with the flowers of his fancy. It is impossible that an almanac from two writers so gifted should fail of being a striking and attractive publication.—Though we can hardly look for an original zodiac, we *may* expect that the authors will give us two remarkable eclipses, in eclipsing themselves.

An energetic member of the large and respectable family of BILL has just brought out, in handsome Octavo form, a Memoir of his kindred, which is illustrated with photographic likenesses, from life or contemporary portraits, of all the more remarkable Bills of the last two centuries. One of them reposes in Westminster Abbey with a Latin epitaph over his remains. The American Bills, who seem to have been posted, for the most part, over New England and the West, have become Selectmen and Judges and Members of Congress, and in the matter of honors generally would appear to

have been Bills Receivable. The memoir shows that the Family of late years have been intensely Republican or patriotic, for a considerable number of the younger members (for particulars see small Bills) volunteered in the Union army in the recent war and were accepted, though they did not rise to any high position. One sturdy Democrat, however, who still lives in Pennsylvania, displayed his humor and his political tendencies by naming three children successively Kansas Nebraska, Lecompton Constitution, and Jefferson Davis, and as the last named came into the glorious Union in the year 1862, it seems incomprehensible that both the father that begat and the person that christened him escaped Fort Delaware.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Over the river,—
A sunny tide—
With shores of beauty
On either side,
Ho! boatman, away!—
Let love, and truth,
Pilot me over
The stream of youth,
Sparkling with joy, as the river that rolled
Through Sardis, erst sparkled with ripples of gold.

Over the river,—
A rushing tide,
Freighted with pleasure
And sin, and pride,
Ho! boatman, away
'Neath a fervid sun,
The ventures of life
Are lost, or won,
While manhood is strong, while ambition calls,
Boatman, away! ere the darkness falls.

Over the river,
Obscure and dim,
'Neath a ghostly sky,
On,—boatman grim,
On,—through a moonless
And starless night,
Over the river,—
Where breaks the light!
From the shadows of earth and time, away!
To a shadowless clime—an endless day.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

The mighty wheels of time had rolled in their appointed circuit for three years, a period so full of events of the highest national importance, that men's minds were unconsciously elevated to a standpoint so high that they seemed indeed but a little lower than the Angels.

The character of the Southern people under the developments of the tremendous events in which each seemed to have a personal share, had attained a degree of heroic grandeur, unequaled in the annals of the world's record, while the term Confederate Soldier had become the synonym and visible embodiment of all that was good and great, chivalric and honorable.

The star of the Confederacy had blazed into a sudden glory on the field of Manassas, and paled over the gilded domes of the Crescent City, struggled through a sky of shifting light and shadow, and then gone into total eclipse when in the stillness of that Sabbath morning, the purest spirit that God ever placed in man's bosom, crossed over the river and rested under the trees of heaven!

All that a nation can know of exertions for the general good, so great as to be incalculable, all that a people could display of courage, self-abnegation and unmurmuring endurance, had been ushered into existence by these tremendous years when the South maintained warfare against the entire world, and proudly kept it at bay.

Such prowess had to be paid for, and at a heavy price; the best and the bravest of the golden youth of the South, lay sleeping in graves by the way-side, languished in the hospital wards, maimed and mangled, or dragged to their distant homes, the mutilated remains of what had once been men. Like Egypt of old, it might well be said, that in all the land there was no house in which there was not one dead, while

* Continued from page 153.

cold and hunger, thirst and nakedness, trod close upon each other's heels, and the picture was lighted by the lurid glare of burning homesteads and desecrated temples.

Cruel and bitter was the wrath of the invaders, directed as it was, on the helpless and unoffending. Like new Herods, they inaugurated a second murder of the innocents, and a voice of lamentation and great mourning went up to heaven from all the length and breadth of the land. One day the assembled universe will listen to God's history of the war, and it may be that brows which now wear the victor's wreath of earthly glory, will then call on the mountains and rocks to hide them from the fearful wrath of their outraged Creator.

In the vast vortex which threatened to engulph the entire nation, individuals and objects of a private nature seemed to lose all identity and importance. All minds were moved by one single hope, all arms labored for one single purpose, and all hearts lay in the hands of one man, who turned them, whithersoever he would.

The remark of the old woman to our soldiers, when they were pressing full of courage and indomitable resolution to Gettysburg, under the guidance of their adored chief, "Ah! you Southern people will never succeed, because you put General Lee in the place of God!" was too true with regard to a portion of the people he strove to save.

Yet if ever a case existed in which mortals might load one of their fellow men with an amount of almost supernal devotion, it was this.

Wise as the wisest of the pagan philosophers, yet humble as a little child; brave as the noblest knight that ever laid lance in rest, and pure as the perfection of womanhood; so great that the heroes of the world pale in comparison to him, and so good that viewing him, the divine precept, "Be ye likewise perfect," is brought within the grasp of finite minds, the name of ROBERT LEE will cast on the record of Time a reflex of the brightness with which it will sparkle through the cycles of eternity on the pages of the Book of Life!

How we loved him! How each hair of his noble head was held in special honor and loaded with our prayers and blessings! How we gloried in his greatness, how we luxuriated in his goodness, leaning on him as on a great rock firm and stable as the round earth itself, and feeling that his christian purity and favor with his God were a sort of safe-guard and protection to us, and stood like Job doing sacrifice for his neglectful and sinning children, between us and the penalty of our sins.

Mothers taught their babes to lisp his name next to "Our Father;" strong men felt their manhood develop to a new strength, when they thought of him; for him devotion culminated, and his very name was a lever by which the Southern soul was elevated to the highest degree of heroic greatness!

As we loved him then, so we love him now, only with a tender-

er and more unselfish love; we gloried in him then, but we regard him with a deeper and holier reverence now! In the hour of hope we saw him through the medium of a triumph that was of the earth, earthy; now we look at him through our tears and see him bathed in the white light which falls directly upon him from the smile of an approving and sustaining God. And from the hearts of a subdued but never conquered people there goes ever up the sound of millions of voices condensed into a single benediction: "GOD BLESS GENERAL LEE!"

The time that Frank Leigh had laughed at, in youthful exuberance of spirit, as an utter impossibility, had come round, and Richmond, which he had called the quietest of worn out cities, was the "capital of a war-like kingdom and the bone of contention between two opposing armies."

It by no means deserved the appellation now, for its quiet was exchanged for an activity and ceaseless bustle, while its effeteness was replaced by a liveliness and animation known nowhere else in the Confederacy. All that could remove to it did so, and the city was over-crowded with a population composed of every grade and class, of society, in which the old Washington City element predominated so largely, that a person worshipping at St. Paul's might readily fancy himself transported two years into the past and seated in "Dr. Pyne's church," as St. John's, in Washington, was called, while a walk on Main Street on a winter morning forcibly re-called Pennsylvania Avenue.

The great miracle was, how such a vast amount of persons, most of them with no visible means of support, could continue not only to exist, but to be well dressed, apparently free from care, and in the full possession of all the comforts of life.

Frank was not there to see the verification of his words, for, captured on his exposed and dangerous post of duty, he had watched Spring melt into Summer, Summer glow into Autumn, and Autumn wane into Winter, all checkered by his prison bars. Exposed to the full horrors of Elmira, this caged Virginia eagle pined and drooped until those who loved him best, dreaded that he would receive his discharge from the hands of death before the terms of an earthly cartel could be arranged.

The Professor had hastened to the place at which Frank had been captured, so soon as the news reached South Side, in order to obtain all possible information for the sake of the half-distracted mother, and on his return crossed James River in a small boat, and proceeded to South Side by a road running through the plantation. As he was walking boldly up to the house, he saw a dusky head protrude out of a thick shrub, while a sepulchral voice exclaimed: "Lor, Mass Professor, don't go to the house, Sir; they is come!"

The tremulous tones of Uncle Jack's voice left no doubt as to what class of individuals the personal pronoun referred, for his

ideas on the subject were well known to the Professor.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, stopping short in the walk, "Is the family well — is Miss Charley safe?"

"All right, Sir! But for de Lor's sake, Sir, come 'hind this bush. They's just come, and they's a setting in the dining room a drinking Malaga I served 'em, and a thinking it's master's prime wine, but they's like the beasts in the Bible, and has eyes before, behind, and at both sides, and years too, Sir. So I'll take you to Patsey's room twill I can tell Miss Charley you's here."

The Professor consenting, the singular pair crept cautiously along under the protection of the short November twilight until Patsey's room was reached and the Professor temporarily safe.

Here he learned that a gunboat had made its appearance on the river early that afternoon, and that a large party, composed of soldiers, naval officers, and marines, had disembarked, and separating into two detachments, had walked into Broadfields and South Side, and made themselves masters of both, giving a polite intimation to the respective proprietors of those mansions, that their tenure of possession was void, and that they were at liberty to occupy one of the negro cabins, or to go elsewhere, but could no longer remain in their present abodes which were required for the use of the United States Army and Navy.

"What did Col. Preston do?" asked the Professor hurriedly.

"He never did anything, and never said nothing, Sir, which was a comfort, for if he had said half what he thought, he'd a been shot, or hung up, Sir. Missis, she begged him so to keep quiet when she heard they was a coming, for the sake o' Miss Charley, and I think that's what subduced him, Sir. He just sat and glared at 'em like a lion, and looked like he'd like to eat 'em up, but he never said nothing 'cept when de genral of 'em demarked it was a fine place and required if he was borned there. Marster began at his toes and looked at him up to his head, and began at his head and looked him down to his toes, and then he says: 'I never associate, or converse with any but gentlemen!'"

"Aint I a gentleman?" says he, turning mitey red in the face.

"Marster looked at him again and laughed a mitely provoking laugh and turned his back on him."

"Jack," said the Professor, "I will not insult you by asking you to do all you can for the family, for I know you will leave nothing undone that can be done for them. I must see Colonel Preston and assist him in his plans, but I would prefer you to first tell Miss Charley that I am here."

Uncle Jack threw another log on the fire, and directing the Professor to bolt the door and admit no one who might knock at it, unless in a peculiar manner which he indicated, was about to start on his errand, when a succession of taps similar to those he had just produced, was heard at the door.

"Is that you, Patsey?" asked her lord in a fat whisper through the key-hole.

"Yes, Jack—open quick," replied the voice of his wife, and as he undid the door she walked, or rathered staggered in, while he closed and locked it quickly behind her.

"Why, Mars. Professor, I'se mighty glad to see you, sir, in this time o' trouble," she exclaimed, out of the heavy shawls which were folded and trailing around her, and she tried to drop a courtesy, but only succeeded in producing a new variety of stagger.

"Patsey," exclaimed Uncle Jack in a tone of indescribable horror, "is you done been and let evil communications disrupt good behaviour?—is you a touched pitch and been reviled? Patsey, is you in speerits?"

A low gurgling sound swelled up out of the voluminous folds of Aunt Patsey's drapery, as if some one were laughing, and had been checked by incipient suffocation, the dark mass parted asunder, and out stepped Miss Charley Preston, who stretched out the cramped proportions of her pretty figure, and then darted like a bird to the covert of the outstretched arms of the over-joyed Professor.

"My darling, my own darling!" he exclaimed, folding her to his bosom, while a shower of kisses fell on her bright head and hidden face. "My brave darling—bright and fearless even at such a time as this!"

"Why, Professor, all the greater necessity for being cheerful—and as to fear—I despise them too much to fear them!"

"Have they dared insult you, Charley?" he asked, while the veins in his forehead stood out like cords.

"No indeed!" was the reply.—"I have been perfectly unconscious of their existence, even when the room was swarming with them; if one of them looked at me, I regarded it as no more than if it had been the gaze of a fly, and if one of them spoke to me, I became stone deaf and perfectly dumb! You see, Professor, I hold all offensive demonstrations to be unladylike and as establishing a sort of connection between us which is not to be endured.—My scorn and detestation for them are far too deep for outward expression, and I cannot demean myself by giving them the consideration which even an insult would convey. To treat them as they deserve is dirty work, and far beneath my hands. If the worst comes, I am prepared, Professor."

Her face flushed, and parting the folds of her dress, she disclosed the ivory handle of her pistol resting on a neck hardly less white.

"What will you all do, Charley?" he asked, brushing back her soft curls with a loving touch.—"You cannot stay here; you must go to Richmond with me."

"We will," she said; "the Estens have managed to send us a note, and to-morrow we will all go off as best we can. Grandpa says you had best stay here till the moon goes down, and then go by one of the bridle paths through the plantation, and wait for us somewhere on the road. Of

course you are not to think of going to the house, as to do so will be just to place yourself in poor Frank's position."

"Just so," said the Professor; "but, Charley, I don't want to stay away from you."

"Well, you will not, for having been nearly suffocated under Mammy's shawls, besides being in mortal fear of my feet lest she should tread on them as we stumbled along double, I am in no humor to undergo a repetition. Besides, Grandpa and Grandma don't wish me stay under the same roof with our company, so I'm to stay all night with Mammy, and Uncle Jack and she are to keep guard over me and Mandy, and give the protection Grandpa cannot afford. We are perfectly safe here, and so are you, and Grandpa and Grandma are comfortably fixed in the house, so don't let the proximity of the Yankees cheat you out of our evening's enjoyment. Mammy," she continued, "the Professor is half starved, and I'm three quarters—havn't you something good, and can't you get us a little supper?"

"Lor yes honey," said Mammy, delighted at so congenial an operation, "I'se most emptied the pantry, and stored the things where they'll never find 'em.—You jest set down there by the fire, and Jack and I'll fix everything prime."

Charley sank into one of the comfortable rocking chairs, Mammy's room being only one degree less comfortable than that of her mistress, and fully equal to it in point of perfect neatness, and the Professor, drawing his chair to hers, nestled her bright head on his shoulder, and the time flew by with a rapidity and power of producing happiness which no amount of enemies could affect or disturb.

Before long, Mammy had spread a table in the most delicate manner, and covered it with tempting viands, and Miss Charley, taking its head, proceeded to the discharge of its duties with as much coolness as she had displayed in the grand dining room of her now confiscated home.

After supper was over, and while Uncle Jack had gone out to make a reconnoisance, and Mammy winked and nodded in the chimney corner, the Professor and Charley resumed their seats and engaged in a conversation in which the fears of the present were lost sight of in the hopes of the future.

After a while Uncle Jack returned, bringing with him Mandy, the only daughter of the worthy pair, and summoning the Professor to one corner of the room, addressed him in a mysterious whisper.

"All right so far, Sir," he said, "they is all up at the house, and what ain't drunk is playing cards. Marster and Misses is in de little 'partment at de top o' de house, and has every thing they dequires. And," here he dropped his voice to an almost inaudible wheeze, "I 'spects there 'll be more company here to-night, Sir! A gemman in grey is outside o' that door a waiting for me to dispart to him all the obfuscations I'se made on the enemy, and there's

more a waiting at de Cross roads to hear his umport."

"Ha!" said the Professor.—"Miss Charley can help you here, Jack, and tell you the exact number of the party. I'll call her."

"But, Sir," said the old man, unwilling to impart his cherished information to any greater number, "kin a lady keep a secret, Sir?"

"This one can and will!" said the Professor. "Miss Charley!"

She came, and in a few words he explained the state of the case, and asked her to give Jack all possible information.

"I'll do better than that," she said quickly. "I'll see the scout and tell him myself, so there will be no mistake. Give me the big shawl, Uncle Jack."

"No, my darling, you must not go," exclaimed the Professor.—"There is danger."

"Not a bit of it!" was the cool reply. "A woman is safe wherever a Southern soldier is, and if an enemy comes we will be five against him!"

"Five? how?" asked the puzzled gentleman.

"Why, I and my pistol are one and the scout is four more. You know it is a mere arithmetical fact, that in a fight, one Confederate is numerically equal to four Yankees!"

"But this may not be a Confederate scout after all," persisted the Professor.

"Yes Sir, he is," said Uncle Jack, "he's a young man from these parts, and Marster knows all his foreparents well, Sir."

Under this assertion the Professor yielded to the urgent demands of Miss Preston, and wrapping her in her shawl, saw her slip out into the dim moonlight, by the side of Uncle Jack, with a feeling of anything but satisfaction.

She came back soon, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes fairly dancing with excitement, and whispered some words to the Professor which had the effect of making him almost as joyful as herself.

"In two hours!" she continued, still in a whisper, "and at Broadfields too. Will there be any chance for me to see it?"

"There may be, you young war-horse," was the reply, "but not if I can prevent it."

Very rapidly the hours passed on to the two seated by the cosy fire-side, with no sound save the crackling of its blazing logs, and the deep breathing of Mammy and Mandy who, with the happy faculty of their race, slept on with a complete forgetfulness of the disagreeable circumstances which surrounded them.

Uncle Jack was dispatched from time to time to keep up a watch and report progress of affairs, and by all means to ply the sentinels with some of Col. Preston's most fiery brandy. After one of his numerous excursions, he returned swelling with importance, and by a motion of his lips conveyed the longed for intelligence, that stirring times were at hand.

Almost simultaneously there came a tramp of horses' feet galloping up the avenue which led to the house, then the word of command, and with it a ringing cheer, such as only could come from

Confederate lungs, and then the discharge of musketry and the order to surround the house and cut down all who refused to be captured. In a few moments all was still, and the Professor, who had been obliged to hold Miss Charley in the room by sheer force, now released her and proceeded to the house, to obtain information of the event.

To his surprise, Miss Preston offered no objection to his leaving her, but directed her efforts to soothing Mammy, whose nerves were not proof against the discharge of guns.

The reason of her indifference was unsatisfactorily explained a few moments after he had left the young lady, by the sound of rapid footsteps pattering along behind him, and a fair face flushed with fun, was held up to his while the sweetest of voices said, "Did you think I would let you go alone?"

The only possible course of procedure was to clasp the girl in his strong arms, and endeavor to shield her as they crept on together. As they passed a suspicious looking object in the rear of Mammy's cabin, which proved to be that useful family institution known as a lie hopper, a head came slowly forward, and a voice in an unmistakable drawl exclaimed, "Du tell! Is that you, Miss Amandy? Caan't yeou take me aout of this ash hole?"

"It's Mandy's mistress," said Miss Charley, and quick as lightning the little pistol was drawn from her bosom, and placed at the head of the hiding Cape Codder. "I'll take you out of the 'ash hole,' that is, you'll take yourself out," she continued.—"Come out at once and walk quietly on to the house, and if you attempt to escape," and the click of the raised trigger completed the sentence.

"I surrender—I'll not run," said the knight of the ash hopper, coming out of his stronghold and presenting, in the ashes with which he was covered, a ludicrous resemblance to an ancient Jew on a day of national humiliation.—"Don't shoot!"

"Behave yourself then," was the cool reply. "Of course I do not believe your promise. Isn't it a natural association, Professor, this creature and lye!—but if you do run, I'll stop your running forever! Here, Professor, please tie his hands. I'll shoot him with pleasure, but I would not touch the thing for the world."

"No need of that, Charley," said the Professor, "I have pistols too—march your captive to the front and let us get on."

The Confederate sentinel was soon reached, and proved to be an acquaintance of both, and learning from him that the entire hostile party had been taken prisoners, and were now safely guarded in one of the very cabins they had so obligingly placed at the disposal of the family, and that the Confederate troops not on guard duty were in the dining-room, from which the intruders had been summarily ejected, the pair, preceded by their prisoner, went on until they reached the room now filled with so welcome a crowd.

Their entry, and Charley's prompt manner of walking up to

the Captain in command, who proved to be a warm friend and admirer of hers, and touching her shiny curls by way of a military salute, giving an official account of the caputre of her prisoner, and formally delivering him into the hands of the law, was the signal for such shouting and laughing as penetrated to the upper room in which Colonel and Mrs. Preston were incarcerated, anxious and ignorant of the events transpiring below.

Struck by a peculiarity in the sound, the Colonel descended cautiously to ascertain its cause. He had just reached the first landing, when he caught sight of the sentinel pacing in the lower passage, and divined in an instant the state of the case. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, sitting flat down on the stair case, and then bouncing up with a shout, "Our boys are here! God bless the fellows! Wife, wife, come down, it's all right. Come and welcome the boys!"

Mrs. Preston needed no second call, and the pair rushed into the dining room and were immediately treated to what seemed death by strangulation in the soft arms of Miss Charley, who clung to them both, while for the first time the tears came in her brilliant eyes. There was no more sleeping that night; the Professor, accompanied by one of the soldiers, rode over to Broadfields to enquire into the actual state of the family, and also to concert measures for the immediate removal of the inmates of both houses. This was rendered absolutely necessary by the fact that in all probability the gunboat which had discharged the enemy and then gone down the river, would return in the course of the day, in which event the plantations would of course be obliged to be given up.

The Professor found the family the worse for a night of anxiety, but hospitably engaged in administering to the comfort of their defenders. Camille was seated by a young Kentuckian, who had been in General Helm's command, and was eliciting all possible information in regard to the Franklins, of whom she had heard nothing since the evacuation of Kentucky, hoping thereby to learn something of Loui.

"They were all well when I heard last Miss, about a month ago; an old lady was staying with them, a relation of Major La-Fronde, who, report says, is to marry Miss Mary."

"Where is he?" asked Camille, in a low tone.

"After the death of Gen. Helm, at Chicamauga, Miss, he exchanged into a Louisiana regiment, and is now on duty with the Army of Northern Virginia. I know him well, and a braver and more determined soldier, or more polished gentleman is not to be found in all the Southern army."

Camille's flashing eyes bestowed a look of such beaming gratitude upon the unconscious reporter of her husband's perfections, that it remained with him until remembrance vanished with life as he fell, months afterwards, in the field of battle.

Mr. Esten readily coincided with the views of the Professor and Col. Preston, and immediate

preparations for removal were commenced.

By noon next day the wagons had been filled with such property as it was possible to save, and the families of the two plantations prepared to leave their homes with the perfect certainty of finding none that could approach them in comfort.

Col. Preston called his servants up in a body, made them a precise statement of the case, and left it with them to go on with him, or remain as they were.

"You will go with us Jack, I know," said the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on the fat shoulder of the individual he addressed.

"Well, I dunno, Sir," was the reply; "de taste o' freedom is very sweet Sir, and 'sides they might want me to go into de army, and them Confederate gemmen is tigers for fighting, and I might be in danger from them if I did'nt fight, and from the others if I did. Me and Patsey 'll 'main in our traces, Sir, and if the Federals does portion out the prop'ty, and I gets South Side, I'll allers be glad to see you, Sir, in my house, Sir. Mandy kin go, as this place is unsettled for young 'omen, and Ben kin go, but I stays."

Mrs. Preston's tears, which had been restrained only with the greatest exertion, now burst forth at this instance of treachery in those she had depended on so confidingly.

The Colonel took it cooly, and merely replied, "Just as you choose, Jack. God will reward you as you deserve for your conduct to us! Good bye—good bye, Patsey. I hope your new masters will treat you as well as I have done!"—and the old gentleman took his seat in the carriage in which the weeping Mrs. Preston and Miss Charley, who seemed inclined to follow her example, and the Professor were seated, and which he was to drive.

"Did'nt Jack do his part splendidly?" asked the old gentleman. "I did'nt dare to look at the rascal when he offered me the hospitalities of South Side!"

"You don't mean to say it was all a plot between him and you, husband?" asked the astonished Mrs. Preston.

"Every bit," said he cheerily. "Charley devised it, and I and Jack executed it. He and Patsey will remain, take care of everything, and communicate with me in every possible way. Go on—I declare, these horses seem to understand that we are going away from home!"

"Never mind, dear Grand-pa," said Charley, slipping her arm round the old gentleman's neck, "We'll all come home again and bring Frank with us, won't we, Grand-ma?"

"God willing, child, but our future is very dark!" was the sad reply.

The party, including the Estens and Camille, reached Richmond early the next morning, and were so fortunate as to find a house, on Franklin Street, large enough to accommodate both families, which had just been vacated by a family which had left for Augusta, and which they immediately rented, and took possession of.

It was partially furnished, and with the articles brought from the plantations, was soon made to assume an appearance of comparative comfort, and positive brightness; the latter being due to Charley and Camille, who laid aside everything like private cares, and devoted themselves to the service of their relations.

Before they had been in Richmond a week, the advent of two such beauties was known all over the city, and their house became the head-quarters of officers of every grade and degree, and the rendezvous of every one who loved hospitable greetings and bright faces.

Miss Charley had a perfect monopoly of hearts which she accepted and then quietly turned over to the Professor in a way which made her all the greater belle with those who did not happen to suffer in this way at her hands, but Camille grew more and more reserved in general society and finally abandoned it altogether.

She had fulfilled her wish with regard to becoming a nurse, despite the Colonel's suggestion of the obstacles of her youth and great beauty, and under the protection of her aunt and several old friends of the latter, all of her time not absorbed in duties at home was passed in the hospital.

The secret motive which prompted her ceaseless efforts in behalf of the sick and wounded was the hope, that in case Loui should fall a prey to either form of suffering, she might be in a position to render him assistance, and nobly did she perform her work.

It was a touching sight to see that beautiful young creature bending over the narrow bed of some sick soldier to whose physical wants she ministered with the tenderest care, and for whose spiritual requirements she had always her Bible, and book of prayer, or some time-honored hymn which would float through the wards of the hospital in the tones of her rich voice, and awake an echo of devotion in all who heard it.

She was known throughout the entire hospital, and by common consent, the name of "The Rose," which had been given her by a young Georgian, whom she nursed through a terrible illness, was appropriated to her.

So the time had gone on since the first gun of Bethel, and now it was the fall of 1864, and the hopes of the entire South were hung on one man who stood with his soldiers like an iron wall between her and utter destruction, and the name of that man was ROBERT LEE!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MARBLE LILY.

Shaking the clouds of marble dust away,
A youthful sculptor wanders forth alone:
While Twilight, rosy with the kiss of Day,
Glows like a wondrous flower but newly blown.
There lives within his deep and mystic eyes,
The magic light of true and happy love—
Tranquil his bosom as the undimmed skies
Smiling so gently from the depths above.

All Nature whispers sweet and blissful things
To this young heart, rich with emotions warm:
Ah, rarely happy is the song it sings!
Ah, strangely tender is its witching charm!
He wanders to the margin of a lake
Whose placid waves lie hushed in sleeping calm—
So faint the breeze, it may not bid them make,
Tho' breathing thro' their dreams its odorous balm.

A regal Lily stands upon the shore,
Dropping her dew-pearls on the mosses green:
Her stately forehead, and her bosom pure,
Veiled in the moonlight's pale and silver sheen.
The sculptor gazes on the queenly flower
Until his white cheek burns with crimson flame,
And his heart owns a sweet, and subtile flower,
Breathing like music thro' his weary frame.

The magic influence of his mighty art—
The magic influence of his mighty love—
Their mingled passion to his life impart,
And his deep nature each can wildly move.
These passions sway his inmost being now—
His art—his love—are all the world to him—
Before the stately flower behold him bow;
Speaking the love that makes his dark eyes dim.

"Thou art the emblem of of my bosom's queen;
And she as thou, is formed with perfect grace—
Stately she moves, with lofty air serene,

And pure thoughts beaming from her angel face.
While yet thy bosom holds this silver dew,
And moonbeams pale with passion for thy sake,
In fairest marble I'll thy life renew,
Ere the young daylight bids my love awake."

A wondrous flower shone upon the dark—
A lily-bloom of marble, pure and cold—
Perfected in its beauty as the lark
Soared to the drifting clouds of ruddy gold.
The Sculptor proudly clasped the image fair
To his young ardent heart, then swiftly passed
To where a lovely face, 'mid floating hair,
A splendor o'er the dewy morning cast.

She beamed upon him from the casement's height—
The fairest thing that greeted the new day—
He held aloft the Lily gleaming white,
While tender smiles o'er her sweet features play.
Presenting his fair gift on bended knee—
"Wilt thou, beloved, cherish this pure flower?
'Twas born of moonlight, and a thought of thee,
And well will grace this cool and verdant bower.

And when these blushing blossoms droop and pine,
Chilled by the cruel Northwind's icy breath;
Unwithered still these marble leaves will shine
Calm and serene, untouched by awful Death."
The summer days flew by like bright wingéd dreams,
Filling those hearts with fancies fond and sweet;
But when the first frost cooled the sun's warm beam,
The purest, gentlest one, had ceased to beat.

How like she seemed—clad in her church-yard dress—
To that cold flower he chiseled for her sake!
What wild despairing kisses did he press
On those sealed eyes, that never more will wake!
His clinging arms enfold her once again,
In one long, hopeless, passionate embrace—
Then that fair child, who knew no earthly guile,
Hid 'neath the flowers, her sad and wistful face.

The world that once was fairy-land to him,
Now seemed a dreary waste—of verdure bare—
He only walked abroad in moonlight dim,
And shunned the gaudy sun's unwelcome glare.
Each night he sits beside a small green mound
O'er which a Marble Lily lifts its head
With trembling dews, and pearly moon-beams crowned,
Fit emblem of the calm, and sinless dead.

He never tires of this sad trysting place,
But waits and listens thro' the quiet night—
"Surely she comes from mystic realms of space,
To bid my darkened spirit seek the light.
Be patient, my wild heart! yon glowing star
Wears the fond look of her soft pleading eyes,
Gently she draws me to that world afar,
And bids me hush these sad and longing sighs.

Thus mused he, as the solemn nights passed by,
Still folding that sweet hope within his soul,
And always peering in the tender sky,
With earnest longings for that distant goal.
One radiant night when summer ruled the land,
He sought the darling's bed of dreamless rest—
The wooing breeze, his pale cheek softly fanned
With balmy sighs from gardens of the blest.

A witching spell o'er that fair scene was cast,
Thrilling his sad heart with a wild delight;
And steeped in visions of the blest past,
He gazed upon the Lily, gleaming white.
Jewels of diamond dew glowed on its breast,
And the rich moonlight, mellow, and intense,
In golden robes the quiet church-yard dressed,
Pouring its glory thro' the shadows dense.

A nightingale flew from a neighboring tree,
And on the Marble Lily folds his wings—
His full heart trembles with its melody—
Of love, and heaven, he passionately sings.

The Sculptor gazing thro' his happy tears,
Feels his whole being thrilled with sudden bliss—
An Angel voice in accents soft he hears,
And trembles on his lips, a tender kiss.

His hope has bloomed! above the marble flower,
Radiant with heavenly beauty see her stand!
His heart makes music like a silver shower,
As fondly beckons that soft snowy hand.
The golden moon paints in the crimson sky,
And morning's blushes burn o'er land and sea,
Staining a cold, cold cheek with rosy dye—
The Sculptor's weary, waiting soul, is free!

As on the years glide by, thro' bloom and blight,
Unchanged, the Marble Lily lifts its head.
Thro' summer's glow, thro' winter's snow, so white,
Unheeding sleep the calm and blessed dead.
Where ever falls the pure and pearly dew,
Where ever blooms the fresh and fragrant rose,
In that far world removed from mortal view
Two loving souls in perfect bliss repose.

GRAPE CULTURE.

HAVING in a previous number of this magazine (July 1867,) called attention to the profits of the Peach Culture at the South, we propose in this to speak of the Grape.

The number of inquiries made from various quarters on the subject of fruit culture,—and especially of the Grape and Peach, lead us to believe it is exciting attention;—and that many who had previously planted cotton will seek this business as more remunerative on the lighter soils of the Atlantic States.

Much has been written about the Grape of late years; of Wine grapes and Table grapes,—of the different varieties which are offered for public favor,—of the diseases to which they are subject, and the remedies proposed.

There are certain points which seem well settled among vine growers and on which nearly all are agreed;—and as we design our remarks to be of practical use to those who are inquiring on the subject and seeking information for their guidance, we will endeavor to condense the practical results so far as they seem to be generally established.

It must be borne in mind that what we shall say of Grape culture, is intended for this latitude, embracing North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. As we proceed further North, some of our best late varieties of grape do not ripen properly for want of season and sufficient heat;—and this may be applicable to the mountain region in some parts of this section.

LOCATION OF VINEYARD—SOIL AND SITUATION.

There are different objects in view in planting out a vineyard.—Those who design to send the fruit to market, must of course select a situation offering facilities for quick and easy transportation. The packages should be handled as little as possible after being prepared. Every change of conveyance from railroad to steamer, or by drayage through the cities, increases the risk of bruising the fruit and of loss. Water transportation altogether is much to be preferred to railroad, but frequent transfering of packages by drays or carts is almost fatal to the safety of the fruit. A location on railroad running Northward is always an object to the fruit grower, as it gives the advantage of supplying markets which are later in their seasons and therefore unsupplied from the vicinity.

Soil and Situation.—Like the Peach, the Grape likes a dry, porous, moderately fertile soil.—It is essential that it should be well drained, and entirely free of superfluous moisture. A clay soil is not objectionable, provided it be well drained, and the free use of coarse manure and the plough keep the surface soft and porous. In the first preparation of the vineyard, by deep ploughing or trenching, much of the future suc-

cess will depend. After the vines are planted, the culture must be more superficial, therefore the turning over and loosening of the ground, previous to planting out, is essential. Trenching to the depth of two or three feet is the most effectual mode of preparation, but as this is attended with considerable expense at first, very deep ploughing may be substituted in its place, running two or three furrows in the same trench until the soil is thoroughly pulverized and broken up loosely to a good depth.

LAYING OUT AND PLANTING THE VINEYARD.

After the ground is prepared, the next operation will be that of laying out the vineyard, and determining the distances apart of the vines. For the common grape which requires annual pruning and staking, our experience here, has decided upon rows ten feet wide, and the vines about six feet apart in the rows. This is a convenient distance to allow the passage of carts with manure or for hauling out the fruit in harvest. When land is a consideration, and the soil is sufficiently strong, the rows may be about eight feet wide. By having the rows sufficiently wide, small fruits or vegetables may be planted between, for several years, such as strawberries, asparagus, turnips, &c., which, being cultivated, assist in the culture of the vine. After the grapes come into bearing, it is better to give up the vineyard altogether to them.

The Scuppernong, Thomas and other varieties of Bullace (*vitis vulpina*,) require a greater distance. These need no pruning, and want more space for roots as well as branches. About fifteen to twenty feet square is the usual distance for these grapes, and even at that distance, the production of a given piece of land will be greater than with the bunch grape at closer distance.

The ground should be marked out with the plough, first running the direction of the rows every eight or ten feet. If the land lies on a slope, these rows should follow the direction of the slope, so as to prevent washing of the soil, as in side hill ploughing. When the main rows are finished, then cross plough at the distance of five or six feet apart. At the intersection of the furrows, the holes are to be opened for the vines.—By planting in this way, cross ploughing may be done at any time, to break up more effectually the ground in winter, and to keep down weeds and grass in summer.

Either cuttings or rooted plants may be used. We prefer rooted vines for several reasons.

1st. One year's growth is gained in the progress of the vineyard.

2nd. Cuttings being much more liable to fail than rooted plants, the missing places must be searched for and supplied. This may continue for several years before the whole ground is fully occupied, involving loss of time and expense. Rooted plants cost more at first, but in the end, will be found the most economical. If cuttings are used, they must be set deeply in the ground, so as to leave but one bud above, and the earth well pressed about the stems. When

rooted vines are used, they are to be cut back to about two buds, and only the tops left above ground. They will require no stakes the first year. These two buds are allowed to grow and take care of themselves. Grass and weeds must be kept down, and the earth frequently stirred about the roots.

SUBSEQUENT CULTURE AND PRUNING.

During the early part of the winter after the vines are planted, they should be staked. The stakes should be of well seasoned heart pine or some other durable wood, about six feet long. One end is sharpened and the stake driven down, leaving about five feet above ground. The stakes must be placed carefully in line, which will be a guide to the ploughman, and also more pleasing to the eye.

The vines are then pruned down to two buds on each of the canes of the previous summer's growth, and when they have well started in the spring, the superfluous shoots are pinched off, so as to leave one growing bud on each cane. As soon as these shoots grow long enough to need support, they should be attached to the stake by strings or osier willow thongs. Nothing more is necessary this second year of their growth, than to keep the earth clean of weeds and grass, and encouraging the growth of the vines.

During the early part of the following winter, the pruning is done in the same way, viz: by cutting back all to two buds on each cane;—and when they have commenced growth in spring, to take off the superfluous shoots so as to leave one only on each cane.

The growth this year, (the third season) should be vigorous, and perhaps some fruit will be formed. The vines are fastened to the stakes, and grow in an upright position.

At the end of this, the third season of growth, the vines should have attained such a size as to give promise of a crop the following year. The different modes of *pruning and training* were described in our previous article, published in June, 1867, in this magazine,—and there is no necessity to repeat them here. It must be borne in mind that this mode of treatment is intended for the common bunch grape, and all which require severe pruning.

The Scuppernong and other varieties of Bullace need no pruning, except at first to take off the lower shoots, so as to give the stem some length before it begins to form its branches and top.—There should be a clean straight trunk of five to six feet, before the branches are allowed to form. After that, they need no pruning, except to take away decaying or ill formed branches, and to keep down any side shoots that may stand on the main stem.

VARIETIES OF GRAPE TO BE PLANTED.

There is a wide field here for choice. New varieties are annually brought into notice, and as their good qualities are sounded far and wide by those who are either interested in their sale, or

have found them well adapted to their section, it needs care in the selection. Like all other "goods and wares" offered for sale, fruits and vegetables are puffed into temporary notice, and often deceive the inexperienced. As our remarks are intended to apply only to grapes adapted to our Southern country, we will confine our attention to those which have been found most reliable. The object for which a vineyard is planted, must be taken into consideration in the selection of the proper grape;—and we will treat of these separately.

TABLE GRAPES FOR MARKET.

Those who are planting grapes for sale, either in a home or northern market, must of course select such varieties as are most valuable, and that bear transportation best. For this purpose the large and showy grapes of the Labrusca family are always the most attractive. The Scuppernong, though one of the best of our grapes, both for the table and for wine, is not a good market grape. As the berries are borne singly or in small clusters, picking by hand would be too tedious a mode;—and threshing down the fruit, (which is the usual way of harvesting this grape) bruises the berries so much as to cause fermentation in a few days.—This unfits it for long transportation when large quantities are to gathered.

For a marketable table grape, we would recommend the following, all of the Labrusca family,

Hartford Prolific,
Perkins,
Concord,
Catawba,
Union Village.

The first and second named, though inferior grapes, are the earliest to ripen, and therefore always command good prices. Concord and Catawba are excellent table grapes,—the former thus far proving very hardy and free of rot. Catawba is an old favorite and standard variety, and holds on well to the bunches in transportation. Union Village is a very large showy grape of fair quality, but is too much disposed to drop from the bunches.

There are some few others which are well recommended and may be worth a trial, viz: Creveling, Diana, Israella and Miles.—The Delaware, though one of the best of our grapes, is too uncertain and liable to disease for extensive planting. It should, however, have a place in every private collection.

The above are recommended for large vineyards and extensive plantings to those who wish to cultivate for market. For home use, and private collections, there are several others which may be added, not omitting the Scuppernong and Thomas, the two best of the Bullace variety, which should have a place about every Southern homestead.

For the information of those who wish to send grapes to market, we give the size and dimensions of the boxes used, as follows: The side and end pieces to be sawed six inches wide; the tops and bottoms nine inches wide, all half an inch thick. The end pieces to be cut seventeen inches

long;—the sides, tops and bottoms to be cut twenty-four inches long. This will give a clean depth of six inches, and an inside capacity of sixteen by twenty-three inches. The grapes should be closely packed, so as to prevent motion, and so full as to be pressed down firmly by the covering boards. The boxes will contain about forty pounds of grapes when full.

GRAPES SUITABLE FOR WINE.

This is the great desideratum in American Vine culture, and so far there seems to be no variety yet selected by universal consent as the most profitable and desirable grape for this purpose.

The grapes of Europe and Asia, known familiarly as foreign grapes, and which are all descendants and varieties of the old Linnæan species, *vitis vinifera*, have been found, after repeated trials in our Atlantic States, utterly unavailable. Some of the varieties do well for a few years, but invariably become diseased from rot and mildew, and finally die out. No one who is planting largely, need venture upon the experiment of open or out-door culture for the foreign grape. In California, where the climate is totally different from ours, these grapes do well,—have become thoroughly climatized, and yield immense crops of fruit and wine. We, on this side of the continent, must look for our wine grapes to the hardy native varieties,—those which are naturally adapted to the soil and climate, and are capable of resisting the vicissitudes of our changeful seasons. And even here, the extent of the grape region covers so many degrees of latitude,—embraces such a variety of soil, climate and varying conditions that it is scarcely to be expected we shall ever find any one variety suitable to the whole country. From the banks of the Ohio to the hammock lands of Florida, and the prairies of Texas, we have a grape region more extensive than that of Europe. The only true and natural mode of attaining success is to go on giving trial to those which are most promising,—and in course of time there is no doubt that hardy vines will be found well adapted to every section of this wide extending region. As an instance of this limitation, the Scuppernong, which is one of our most promising grapes, cannot ripen its fruit much beyond the northern limits of North Carolina, for want of season. And so also there are other grapes which attain a reputation in one section of country, which, when removed to another, fail to keep to that standard.—This is only what should be expected, and it is the not having this fact in view that so much disappointment is caused, and erroneous opinions propagated as to the relative merits of different fruits.

As our remarks are intended for grape culture at the South, we will here name the varieties which seem to be most in favor at present,—as most hardy and free of disease—most productive, and best adapted to wine.

Of these the opinion is almost universally favorable to the Scuppernong and its allied kind.—

This grape has long been known. It is a native of North Carolina, found in abundance growing wild about Scuppernong lake, or river, on its eastern shore. It is undoubtedly one of those chance varieties, or seedlings, which sometimes spring up,—sports, or variations, from the usual type, which can only be propagated by layers, cuttings, or grafts. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases (speaking generally) if the seed is planted, the offspring is a black grape of inferior quality, showing a tendency to revert to the original, or wild form. We have tried many, perhaps fifty or sixty seedlings of this grape, all selected from seeds of the finest and best matured grapes, and in every case the offspring was a black grape. Those familiar with the wild grapes, found in the woods, are aware of the difference in quality of fruit, (natives even then showing a tendency towards variation);—some vines bearing a nice and eatable fruit, others, a small, hard and inferior fruit. We suppose that the original vine from which the so-called Scuppernong has been propagated, was an accidental seedling of very superior quality, (accidental as we understand the term)—and as such a good variety was found ready made to our use, by nature's methods, it has been propagated and extended by sub-divisions of the one original plant. It is not at all impossible, that by the planting of seeds of this grape, a variety even superior to this may be raised.

This process, viz: the planting of seeds and raising new varieties which will be speedily adapted to the conditions in which they originate, is the truly rational and most philosophical mode by which we may expect to improve all our varieties of fruit.

The *Thomas grape* is another superior variety of Bullace. For its history and that of the *Flowers grape*, we are indebted to Mr. Daniel Fore, of Marion district, South Carolina, who sent specimens of the fruit to the "Vine Growers Convention," in Aiken, in 1860,—and afterwards supplied us with the plants. In his letter, he says: "The *Thomas grape* was originally found near an old camp of General Marion, at a place known as the Bowling Green, about four miles above Marion Court House. It ripens about ten days earlier than the Scuppernong, and from four to six weeks earlier than the *Flowers*. The *Flowers* grape was first found in Ash Pole swamp, about the border line between Marion district and Robeson county, North Carolina."

These again were chance seedlings of nature's planting. The fruit of the *Thomas* is semi-transparent, pinkish, turning nearly black,—very sweet, and having an aromatic and honey flavor. We sent specimens of the fruit this season to Monsieur L. Merzeau, a French vintner and wine maker, in the vicinity of Aiken,—and he says it is the best of all the Bullace grapes he has tried, for wine. It is a great bearer, and ripens a few days before the Scuppernong, say about the middle of September, in this latitude.

The Flowers grape is an enor-

mous bearer,—berries large, nearly black, strongly attached to the stems, in clusters of ten, fifteen or twenty,—with thick skin and solid, fleshy pulp,—ripening about the beginning of October, and hanging on the vine till frost.—We have not seen it tried for wine, but it is the best known grape for preserves, jellies, &c.—It would scarcely mature beyond the northern limits of North Carolina, but being a late grape, the advantage of having a cool season for the manufacture and fermentation of the wine, may make it a desirable grape for that purpose.

These grapes, like all the varieties of Bullace, never rot.—Their thick, tough skin protects the juices within from the change of seasons,—and the late period at which they put forth the flowers, is a safe guard against spring frosts. They may always be relied upon for good grapes,—and in rich soils, the yield is very great.

The Clinton (a variety of the small summer grape, or Vitis Æstivalis) is now the favorite grape of this class, for wine. The berries are small, and the quality not good as a table grape;—but the vine is hardy, vigorous and healthy, fruit not subject to disease, and makes a wine of good quality. We have also found the "Dr. Pearson," a small black grape of this class, very promising as a wine grape, and similar to the Clinton in its character.—The fruit is small, and not good for the table, but the vine is very healthy, a good bearer, and has never rotted during the six or eight years we have had it, though in seasons when other grapes have failed.

The Catawba (of the Vitis Labrusca, or large grape family) is an old standard wine and table grape, and is still a favorite in many quarters. This, like most others of the Labrusca and Æstivalis species of grape, feels the effects of adverse seasons, and occasionally rots; though our own experience is, that it is more exempt than most others of its class. In the North-west, it still remains the favorite wine grape.

CULTIVATION OF SEEDLINGS TO FORM NEW VARIETIES.

This is the true road to progress in the improvement of all our fruits. When the seed of any fruit is planted and comes into bearing, we have a new variety presented for our examination.—If it is inferior to these already known, it is thrown by as worthless,—if found superior, or possessing any peculiar qualities which it is desirable to perpetuate, it can be propagated by layers, grafts or cuttings. This is a subdividing of the original plant, and its existence may be perpetuated and increased to any extent by these means. Out of a thousand seeds which may be planted, perhaps only one or two may be found of superior quality. But one of really superior and valuable qualities may enable its owner to realize a fortune. The planting and raising of seedlings therefore offers the best mode of improving the qualities of our grapes. When these promising varieties have been submitted to the test of

experience through a series of years, and still preserve their good qualities, with hardiness, vigor and freedom from disease, they may take rank as valuable acquisitions to our Pomology.

In this connection a few remarks may be made on a class of grapes which are now attracting attention, and from which we may expect the best practical results.—These are the Hybrids or crosses between varieties with dissimilar characters.

The Hybridizing of the grape is a delicate operation, and requires great care and nice manipulation to insure success. If we can cross the hardy, vigorous, healthy native with the more delicate, highly flavored and juicy foreign, we may be able to combine the qualities of both, or the best of them, in some of their descendants. This is the main object to be attained by hybridizing. All the wonderful improvement in our fruits and vegetables of different kinds are produced by the raising of new varieties from seeds. The process of hybridizing or mixing of different kinds, is constantly going on by the agency of insects passing from flower to flower in search of their food. This is nature's method. When these seeds are planted, the offspring may combine the qualities of the parents. By the artificial method, we are more likely to hasten the result and increase the chances of success, by having a particular object in view. Instead of the indiscriminate mixture accomplished through insect agency, we select the parents having those qualities we wish to combine in one individual. We work rationally and towards a desired end.

This subject has engaged the attention of some few Pomologists in this country, and we now have several so-called Hybrids offered for experiment. Rogers and Allen's hybrid grapes have been on trial at the North for several years, with varying success.

In this State, Dr. A. P. Wylie, of Chester, has been engaged for ten or twelve years in this mode of improving our grapes. He has planted many hundreds of seeds which he had previously hybridized,—and these seedlings are now coming into bearing. We have seen and tested many of the specimens. Among them are many beautiful varieties,—some for a table grape, comparing well with the best European kinds,—others highly promising as wine grapes. He deserves not only the thanks of all Pomologists for these efforts, but also the success which may yield a profit to his labors. Many of his grapes are such as to leave but little more to desire. They only need longer trial to test their hardiness, and their adaptation to our soil and climate.

With a few more remarks on *Wine making*, we will bring our paper to a close. We design only to allude to the general principles which regulate and determine the strength and quality of the vine, and not to enter into the more minute details of its manufacture.

The "*Vinous fermentation*," is the process by which sugar is converted into alcohol,—the "*Acetic fermentation*," by which alcohol is converted into vinegar.

When grapes or other fruits are

bruised and the juice expressed, the vinous fermentation soon commences, if the weather is warm enough, and runs through its course in ten, fifteen, or twenty days, according to circumstances. It goes on until all the sugar is converted into alcohol. If the fermentation is carried on above 65 deg. F. of temperature, and atmospheric air comes in contact with the juice, there is danger of its passing into the acetic fermentation, by which the alcohol is lost and vinegar formed. Or this may happen also, if there is not sugar enough in the juice of the grape to make a sufficient per centage of alcohol to arrest further fermentation and preserve it as wine.

It is found by analysis, that the juice of the grape contains (generally speaking) sugar, acids and water. Our American grapes contain most generally, a less per centage of sugar, and larger per centage of acid, than the grapes of Europe;—hence the difficulty of making as good a wine. From repeated experiments in Europe, of their best wine grapes, it has been ascertained that the following are the proper proportions of these elements to be contained in a good wine grape,—and which on fermentation, will yield a good wine, viz:

In 1,000 lbs. there should be

Of Sugar,	240 lbs.
Of Acids,	6 lbs.
Of Water,	754 lbs.
Total	1,000

Taking this as a standard, we must bring the expressed juice of the grape (or the *Must* as it is called) to these proportions. For example, if the *Must* of our grapes contains more acid and less sugar (as will be the case in nearly all our American grapes,) we should add sugar and water in due proportions until we have obtained this standard. This proportion is easily ascertained by calculation. In order to determine the quantity of acids and of sugar in the *Must*, a *Saccharometer* and *Acidimeter* are the instruments used. These instruments give the quantities of each, and the addition is then made of the deficient ingredients to bring the Must to the normal standard. This process is known as "Drs. Gall and Petiol's method," and is the one adopted and practiced in Germany and France.

A very instructive essay on this subject may be found in the Patent Office Report for 1859,—page 95.

KING CONSTITUTION, I.

"*Le Roi est mort!*"

"Awake the King!" the warder said,
"The night is past, the tempest fled;"
"Awake the King, the world would shine
Once more beneath his eyes benign."

"The storm that rocked our castle's base
Brought heavy slumber to his Grace,
And light and peace and laughing skies
Shall wake him"—when the DEAD arise.

Ah! deadlier than the tempest's peal,
In coward hands the traitor steel!
The Lord's anointed! they that cried
"All Hail!" have smitten—that he died.

They drank his cup! they brake his bread,
And, in his slumber, smote him dead!
His loyal Lords! to bear through time
The crimson of that banner crime!

On HIM all sacred seals were set!
In HIM all power and mercy met!
Dead! and *what* kings shall rise and reign
Ere we behold *his* like again!

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

"AFFAIRS are going on strangely at Chauncey's" said my father one morning as he helped himself to a large slice of ham at the breakfast table.

"How?" asked mother, looking up from the coffee-pot from which she was distributing the morning beverage to her assembled family.

"They say that Chauncey is in rather a bad way," (here he bent over and filled his mouth to its utmost capacity, preventing all power of conversation for a moment.)

"What is it?" asked mother impatiently, while I felt a sense of suffocation that kept me from breathing.

"Well, I never should have thought that he was a speculating man, yet Jake Tomkins comes over this morning to borrow a plough from me, and he tells me that Chauncey has been speculating to such an extent, privately, that there's a failure, and if he don't redeem himself with the ready money, he's a ruined man."

"Father!"

"What, Mary? Why, child, what have you got to do with it? You're as white as a sheet. Look to her, mother. Why, what's the matter with the girl?"

"Mary's very tender-hearted," replied mother, "she never hears of anybody's misfortunes without being overcome."

By this time, with the aid of a glass of water I had recovered.

"That being the case," said my father, coolly, finishing his breakfast, "by the time she gets over her fit, maybe I can tell the rest."

"What is it, father?" I asked calmly, and conquering my agitation till it was visible only in the trembling of my hand as I raised my glass to my lips.

"There's been a terrible blow up there of affairs. Mrs. Chauncey was taken very ill when she heard it, and is not expected to live. Young Chauncey was summoned home from his sweet-heart yesterday evening, found his mother in spasms, the old man half crazy, and storming about there that he was ruined, he'd have to leave the home of his fathers. Indeed his troubles seem to have touched his mind a little."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed mother, horror-stricken. "I can't get over it anyhow. *They* ruined—those proud, rich people that have always held such a high head among the folks here! Is it possible! Well, I'm real sorry for them any how."

"So am I," replied father, "though I thought that Chauncey (here again the tingling and shrinking) *was* proud, I did'nt otherwise than like him. He

* Continued from page 139.

was'nt a bad neighbor. He had a good deal of palaver, always, when he saw me, though I never believed in it much."

"Yes," answered my mother reflectively, "a *little* come down might have done them no harm, but this is perfectly awful. Poor Mrs. Chauncey, I'm afraid she'll never get well; so sudden and terrible. You say he's lost *everything?*"

"*Everything*," replied my father as he arose, "he staked all he had on some stocks that have gone to smashes, so *that's* broken up. He'd been failing before that too, for he met with some losses that no one knew of, besides dabbling in politics and buying up parties. Now there are two mortgages on his farm to its full value. He really has nothing to lay his hands on."

"Did you suspect anything of this before?" inquired mother.

"Well, I thought things looked queerly. I wondered why he did'nt do this and that, as he had once intended, I know. Then there were other queer little things, needless to mention, that came to my knowledge and made me suspect that all was not right."

"And poor Alfred?" asked mother in a tone of commiseration. I dared not look up in my eagerness for the answer to a question that I longed to put myself, but sat with parted lips, my eyes fixed on the floor.

"Why, they say the young man conducts himself remarkably well. He knew nothing of his father's difficulties before this, for they had been carefully kept from him, the old man trying to redeem his affairs before they could come to his son's knowledge, and only plunging him more irretrievably into ruin; so he was as much surprised as any one.—But he bears himself nobly, tries to comfort them, going from father to mother, while he keeps himself very calm."

"Poor Mr. Alfred," said mother, with swimming eyes, "he's a real nice young man, and I do pity him from the bottom of my heart. His marriage will be stopped now; it was to have been so soon."

"Stopped till he gets something to support a wife on, and to my thinking it'll take a pretty big penny to support that lass that was down here," and he closed the door after him in his noisy way.

"Mary, isn't this sorrowful?" said mother, turning to me with a countenance expressive of sympathy in every line.

"Dreadful!" I mustered strength to utter.

"I'll put on my bonnet when we get the things cleared up, and run over to ask Mrs. Tompkins about it."

I felt relieved at this announcement, for I longed to be alone.—When mother was gone and I had taken my needle in hand, I sat by the window and pondered over it all. Can I analyze my feelings? What were they? Of miserable, low, selfish pleasure because he was brought nearer to me by his poverty than when he was rich and prosperous?—perish the thought! I loathe myself for it,—or was it

sorrow for his sorrow, bereft myself in his misfortunes?

The former feeling would come at times, to be hurled back with scorn and loathing, while I wept bitter tears as I thought of his poor, sorrowful face over his dearly loved mother, his noble efforts to support, under an affliction that affected most of all himself, his old stricken father. If it was possible I loved him even more at that moment than I had ever done before; my heart melted in tenderness and pity. How I longed for the power to help him, to give him all I had. If I had only possessed then what my father had to give me at his death, how gladly I would have bestowed it on him to make him happy,—yes, I was unselfish then, he might have shared it even with *her*, since it was my privilege to be the cause, though unknown, of his happiness.

Now I could do nothing for him but pray that He would help them in their misfortunes, support him, the noble son, in his great, sudden, terrible grief.

The crisis came. Poor Mrs. Chauncey died in a week, oblivious of everything since that fatal blow which had brought on paralysis. I do not remember stating before that she was his second wife, and that two daughters, married when Alfred was a child, were the fruits of his first union. They had married gentlemen from the far south, and had seldom returned to their early home since leaving it upon that occasion.

The father's affections had been mostly centred in his son, and it was said that the daughters were not free from jealousy at the evident preference exhibited to the child of their handsome stepmother, whose coming they had at first not welcomed particularly.

She was buried quietly and unostentatiously; two mourners and a few acquaintances to follow her to the grave.

He stood beside it with his old father upon his arm, an expression of deep grief hardening to sternness the lines of his face, which his hat partially concealed as he held it before it. Not a cry escaped him as the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" smote upon his ear, when he heard the earth rattling upon the coffin lid, but he drew his lips tightly together, and a convulsive shiver ran over his frame.

Such deep, deep pity I felt for him. And what was I to him? I smothered my tears and sighs and stood as calm as the most indifferent of the spectators, while he walked from the churchyard with his father, partially desolated. *Partially*, I say, for *she* remained to him. In her smiles and sympathy he could find consolation for a mother's loss, his inheritance gone.

As they passed out, a thorn caught the old gentleman's coat and detained him a moment by fastening him to a bush. His son perceived it and strove to unloose him, but his trembling hand failed to do his will. I was very near, and stepping up silently, I stooped and freed him at once.

It was so quickly done that they had not time to see who it was, and I withdrew as quickly and

noiselessly as I came. This was some relief. I had done something for them, little as it was. What a pleasure to have the privilege of doing the slightest thing for those we love, between whom and ourselves there is a great wide gulf. What an intense relief to the pent up feelings, that would otherwise have no outlet and would either burn or harden the heart that contains them.

They passed out quietly, and the congregation, as quietly, followed. Their great, rich friends were absent now in their hour of desolation and sorrow; the summer friends had flown with the summer birds and the summer flowers. All are alike. When the gay house is closed, the crape hung at the door, a room of death within where the eyes were closed for the last time, and the inanimate clay moves not with the spirit that has gone to eternity, witnessing the revolution of mysteries that must meet the eye also of those of us who are left, the gay denizens of pleasure are gone, shrinking from the house of mourning as if it sounded their own funeral knell.

So the father and son were left in the great house all alone, to the miserable study of their own complicated affairs.

Their sudden domestic loss had kept the creditors from turning them away from their old home, and some little consideration was shown them before they went out upon the world, the young man to win his hard way by work he had never been accustomed to, the old one entirely dependent on his son's exertions, that son for whom he had expected so much, such brilliant prospects, such a splendid future. It was all over now, and nothing lay before him but poverty, toil, privation.

Alfred could not marry at present. His bride's father was not rich either, indeed it was said that the expenditure of his large and extravagant family had far exceeded his income, upon which precarious support he was entirely dependent. A thorough man of the world, he looked forward to the establishment of his beautiful daughters in wealthy homes, their remarkable loveliness forming their only dowry, which dowry had succeeded in uniting the oldest, when scarcely more than a child, to a man older, it was said, by ten years, than her own father, but of immense wealth.

Poor young creature. Did gold satisfy her heart's cravings?

If sorrow ever reached her in her princely halls, did gold comfort her? Did the sight of her jewels, her wardrobe and furniture, soothe her into peace and happiness? I know not. Alas! there are hearts that will harden by prosperity, until callous to all save the gratification of selfishness; the natural impulses of youth being resisted, they soon pass away, till indifference and coldness settle upon it, the worst punishment, to my mind, that sin can bring upon itself. Infinitely rather the thorn of conscience ever piercing the side, than that terrible fate of being left — at last—to a "reprobate heart."

I could scarcely perform my

allotted tasks; my limbs failed me then, and wearily I dragged myself about the house, my heart wrung with intense anguish, for keenly as I felt his sufferings, I could not help him, but by my prayers. He was so lonely, I knew, in his sorrow, and then he was going from me. Did she, his beautiful, fashionable love sympathize as I did? did she write him sweet letters of condolence, proving herself, in this hour of trouble, as lovely in heart, as she was in person, helping to sustain him then, by ten-fold more love than she would have owned to him from maidenly reserve, when he courted her in his hour of prosperity? Was she the comforter, while I, who was nothing to him, stood afar off, my heart breaking for his sorrow, my own life comfortless because his was so suddenly bereft of pleasure?

The Grove looked miserably gloomy and deserted; every window closed but his, and that had a bleak, lonely look that it never wore before, even when he was away. It seemed one feeble spark of life in the surrounding desolation, like the one flame that must have burnt upon his heart, to be either extinguished or revived into a pure, bright, fiery warmth, sending life and hope again into his bosom, strength to his arm, animation to his existence.

We never saw the mourners.—They kept themselves closely in the house and were never seen outside of its walls. What they intended to do, where to go, when to leave, even rumor was baffled in surmising. All that was known was, that the elder gentleman was too feeble to be moved, and the young one could do nothing at present but tend his infirm and only parent.

The closed house, the shut windows, the barred entrance, how different from the Grove of a few previous months, when it was dancing with lights from the garret to the ground floor, when it echoed to the laughter of a score of summer guests; gay music that floated across the fields to us, and nightly dancing in its brilliant rooms. So cold and dark now.—Ruin and death had passed over its precincts; within, two mourning hearts left in their desolation to endure it alone, too proud in their adversity to permit even the eye of sympathy to witness their sufferings or to accept of the little kindnesses a few, who might be faithful still, would have power to bestow. So people kept aloof and we knew nothing of them but that they kept themselves closely in their room, seeing no one, not even the servants, save one or two that had been confidential ones, when they had owned an establishment and a home.

Thus passed some weeks. Dreary weeks they were, dragged through somehow. I believe I did pretty much as usual, but never smiled and seldom spoke. I wanted so much to help him and yet could not. I looked bitterly on our home comforts, thought of the bag of gold in father's desk, and was sorely tempted to rob him. I wondered what he would say if I could muster up courage to ask him for my inheritance then, telling him to give the rest

to the boys, that I would be his servant for the remainder of his life if he would give me some of his gold. When lying on my bed at night and thinking about it, I was very courageous, the task seemed so easy in comparison with what was at stake, that I was indignant with myself, and waited impatiently for daylight, that I might make the attempt.—But when daylight came—alas! for the weakness of human nature—when the sun shone in broadly, staring right into your face, into your heart's secrets, detecting the minutest blush with his penetrating rays, I shrank back, affrighted at my boldness in thought even, and could not do it to save my life.

This failing, I tried to think of other means of assisting him.—Some of the proceeds of the dairy and vegetable garden, obtained from the market in the neighboring village, mother permitted me to have for my own pin money.—If I could only make a great deal, save it all up till it was quite a sum—but then he would be gone by that time, and you would know nothing of him, never hear of him again. You can do nothing but fold your hands, weep, suffer with him. Even this you have no right to do, for he is still Adéle's, still the same to her that he had been before, though their union was now delayed till he had won by his toil that competency without which he could not support one so elegant and distinguished as his wife.

Then came ———.

"Poor Mr. Alfred," said a kind-hearted old neighbor, as she took out her knitting for a long talk, "to think of such a sad blight on his prospects. All has left him, and even *she* now."

"*She!* who?" asked mother, while I gasped for breath.

"Why that sweetheart of his."

"Is it true?" asked mother again.

"True as gospel. Her father wants her to have a rich husband it seems, and now that Alfred has lost his property, the old man aint willing, thinking his daughter's pretty face will do more for her; so he's made her break the engagement, and now it's all off. Alfred's been there since he got the letter. He ran up for a day, and, sure enough, the old man told him he might consider his daughter as no longer bound to him. He raved, and declared that, see the young lady he would, for he could not believe that she was false to him. Her father told him he might, and called for her to come in. She did come in, and at first just courtesied to him, but seeing the awful suffering, wild reproach in his face, she had some pity, as much as she was capable of—for I don't believe she could even understand his sufferings—she went up to him and put out her hand. He did not take it, but just stared her straight in the eyes. She grew a little confused, then told him, in a softer manner, — for who could help being kind to him, hard as even *she* was, 'I love you, Alfred, shall ever respect you, but I think it best to break our engagement. You know I've not been brought up to work.' He pleaded passionately that she

never should, that he would work for both, only that she would wait, a few years would be nothing to them, if she still loved him as she said she did. She told him no, papa had decided for her, and she must abide by it (to tell the truth, they say there's some furrin fellow, rolling in gold, waiting on her, and her father wants him) it was useless to prolong the discussion, they were both suffering for nothing, she would never change, and Mr. Chauncey must accept her friendship, which she most sincerely offered. She seemed anxious and flurried to get away. Papa wanted her, she believed. Would'nt he be friendly with her still, and say good bye? He never moved nor spoke, but looked at her with scorn, and yet such agonizing, reproachful love that she could bear it no longer. She was going, when he suddenly stopped her. We don't know what he said or did, but it must have been awful. His love was too deep and unselfish for pride, so he did not hesitate to show it in all its depth, and called upon her for hers—where was all she had professed to entertain for him? Where were the tenderness, the expressions she used when they had sat or walked together by themselves? did she tell him false when she said she loved him? then why did she deceive (of deception he had supposed her incapable.) He had regarded her as his, and had given up his soul to her, then why did she permit him to do so, when she did not love him. How could she be so base and cruel? He called on her in such terms and she, frightened and weeping, unused to hear herself called by such names, she who had never listened to anything but flattery, answered him petulantly that she *did* love him when she said so, but papa knew best, she must mind papa. It was only a way of getting out of it, throwing it all on her father's shoulders, then she glided away from him without another word, more beautiful than ever, yet so false and worldly. He looked after her as if turned to stone, rushed violently from the house, came home like something mad, and has been desperate ever since. I had it from one of the Grove servants, who heard young Mr. Chauncey telling about it to his father. They say it's perfectly dreadful there. He was bound up in her, and his heart is broken; while he fiercely denounces her father, he calls on her piercingly in tones of the deepest reproach and outraged affection."

"Poor fellow," said mother, sympathizingly, "it isn't enough that he should have all this trouble before, but she must add to it too, when, if she'd been the right sort of person, she'd have stuck to him through thick and thin."

"I say so too, Mrs. Ashburton. She wasn't good enough for him, and that's what I say. If I were in his place, I'd let her go without a murmur. To give him up because he's poor now. I say she's a good-for-nothing thing. I wish for his peace of mind's sake, he thought so too."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed mother again, "I am so sorry for him.

I wish with all my heart he could never think of the girl again."

"What do *you* say, Mary?" asked the old lady, turning around to me.

"I say," I replied, fiercely, "that she is no true woman; undeserving the name of one, and—"

I could say nothing more, but left the room abruptly, some exclamation of surprise following my exit.

So he was disengaged! but what was that to me? We were separated as far apart as ever.—Shame on her! I cried, to make him suffer so! Where was all the womanly pity, the tenderness due to one who had already suffered so much, and had borne misfortune so nobly. To crush him beneath the weight of her renunciation at that time, because he had not the wherewithal to furnish her with diamonds and gorgeous dresses! And he—what will become of him?

A wild, passionate figure here moved to and fro across the window opposite mine. Full well I guessed the extent of his woe, its miserable extremity. His life was deadened now as mine had been, but he had that most terrible of all sufferings, the unkindness of one who is dearer than all the earth, the finishing death stroke from the hand of a—ah! far more than Brutus. He might have stood boldly, might have smiled at the desertion of the world, but hers ——!

How I detested her! This evening she will, perhaps, be at a ball, endeavoring with all the traps that her beauty can lay, to catch another, who would be treated in the same way, should he lose what alone she prized him for. No doubt she is as gay as ever, brilliant in dress and spirits, surrounded by the butterflies of fashion and pleasure, while he who is worth fifty thousand of such, the pure gold of whose nature she is willing to barter for a bit of the earth's shining dirt, is suffering the anguish of death, his whole life blighted, nothing left him but the keenness of disappointment and despair. If *she* could fail him now, what had he to expect from the rest of the world. Oh! it was heartlessly wicked!

I mourned for him, my poor, lost love. What was life to me when he was enduring such writhing torture! I had the right now to suffer with him. No engagement bound him to another, and even as a poor, enduring fellow creature, I had the right to suffer while he suffered, go over with him in imagination the days past in prosperity, picture to tortured remembrance the time of sweet, yet anxious courtship, the murmured avowal of reciprocated love, when she was sought with trembling ardor, the transport upon learning that the courted treasure might be his, those delicious hours spent together during the engagement, when she seemed perfection to him and he deemed himself loved with equal, self-denying affection. Then the blissful preparations for their marriage, each little provision for the future that was to have been, and *might* have been, he murmurs, perhaps, with writhing lips,—her name associated with his. He starts, perhaps,

—oh! was it a dream, or living agony? No, that name will be associated with another's; those same false lips will breathe out the same accents of tenderness to another, and the same exquisite loveliness, that to dwell upon is madness, will be for another's pride and boast. Oh! heaven! I hear him groan, I would have given up all for her, would have left home and property, gold and everything for her. It would have been a cheap sacrifice to make her happy. Yet for the circumstances that surround me now—no fault of mine—I am forsaken for the paltry glitter of the world and its admiration.

I entered into all this and fancied him day after day, pining, writhing away, scorched by a sorrow too heavy to bear alone, and I longed unutterably to comfort.

The blight seemed to fall yet more drearily upon the place.—Even Nature seemed to feel it, shivering under a frost that made her aspect grey and hoary, killing the herbage on the fields and meadows, and tossing dark, sodden stubble on the wind.

Mr. Chauncey was better, it was said; indeed his son's greater trouble had had the effect of arousing him from his torpor, and had alarmed him into some signs of life. The young gentleman was seldom seen even by the most familiar of the servants. He would lock himself up for hours, and they could hear him pacing the floor and groaning as if his heart would break. Then at nightfall he would steal away to the woods and stay there sometimes till the morning.

How he lived, was a wonder, for he scarcely ate or slept.

When I heard that, I watched for him, and fancied I could see a dark picture stealing out at night, out into the gloom and loneliness, among the silent woods, with the cold, glittering stars to look down upon him and calmly witness his torture. No one to comfort, no living, loving, even kind souls to try to soothe his despair and assure him of one constant friend, that earth yet contained something that was good, where all seemed so false, a barren, desolate wilderness.

And she that loved him best of all, had no right to go to him and offer consolation, assure him that he was far dearer in this hour of bereavement, and that all the warmth of one affectionate heart was poured out upon him, till it sickened of its own anguish and despair, its own wilderness as dreary as his.

I grew too weak for my wonted tasks, and so pale that they asked me if I was sick. I told them I was not well, only tired and languid, and sat with my needle in hand, stitching garment after garment, too feeble then for household work.

Mother, alarmed, would have dosed me with her mixtures, or sent for a physician, but the latter I positively refused to permit; the former I patiently allowed, when I could swallow them, in order to get rid of her questioning. Father wanted me to ride out on old Billy, or take the buggy and go, and kindly informed me of all his plans, taking great pains to make me understand how many boxes

he would have made for his peach crop next summer, and what profit they expected from the orchards. As I was quiet, I had the semblance at least of a listener.

When mother would express her fears about my health, father would say,

"Never mind, wife. The girl's well enough, only everybody must be sick sometimes, must'nt they, Mary? and you've always had such good health that it don't do to complain now. I think she's overworked herself, Margaret, she's often done more than she ought to. And I've said so before."

"I don't know as to that, Mr. Ashburton. When I was a young girl, I could do twice what Mary does without feeling fatigued, and it did *me* no harm."

"Tut! tut! wife. Look at you, and look at Mary. Why in your smallest days, you were as big again as her. You were a stout, buxom lass, a pretty good armful of you, as I know by experience."

Father roared out a laughing, and mother, though not half pleased, had to do it too. She took the sewing from me then, and insisted upon keeping it out of my hands till I was better.—But I begged part of it back again, telling her I must have something to do, or the time would pass too drearily.

Thus the days wore on. Winter was passing away, spring had begun. The daffodils sprang out into yellow bloom in the soft grass that carpeted the front yard, varied with one or two clusters of snow-drops and jonquils. The robins piped musically on the drooping eaves, and the wrens built their nests over the door.—The little buds on the trees began to assume form, and send out leaflets, tender, tiny things from their scaly envelope, while the vines grew verdant, the embryo bushes bristly with spikes, in the breath of Spring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY SOUTHERN HOME.

BY COL. BEUHRING H. JONES, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.—Psalm cxxxvii.

If Judean captives sat and wept
By Babel's river's sides,
As memories of Zion far,
Came flowing as the tides;
If on the willows hung their harps,
When asked to wake a strain
Of Zion's plaintive melody,
On Chaldea's distant plain;

If they a fearful curse invoked,
Upon each cunning hand;
Prayed that each traitor tongue benumbed,
Might paralytic stand;
If they allowed disloyalty,
Old memories to destroy,
If they held not Jerusalem
Above their chiefest joy;

Shall I not weep Virginia's hills,
Her grassy slopes and plains;
Her cities and her villages;
Her cottages and fanes;
Her sons so gallant, chivalrous;
Her bracing mountain air;
Her daughters pure and beautiful,
And true as they are fair?

Shall not my harp remain unstrung,
The captive sing no more:
How can I wake the minstrelsy
Of "Old Virginia's shore?"
The Swiss may pine for glaciers wild;
The Scot for glen and lake;
The Suliote for his Island home,
Where maids the vintage make;

I pine for grand old mountains far,
Where the free Eagle's form
Floats dimly in the upper sky,
Fierce monarch of the storm!
The scene of happy boyhood's years;
Of manhood's vigorous prime;
Of memories that shall e'en survive
The withering touch of Time!

For there a sainted mother sleeps,
Beneath the grassy sod;
And there's my darling brother's form,
Red with his young life's blood;
And there a pure and gentle wife
Weeps in her widowhood;
And there a grey-haired father mourns,
The loved ones gone to God!

A curse then on my good right hand;
A curse upon my tongue;
If I forget my Southern home,
The loins of which I sprung!
There let me go! my heart is there;
There I may calmly die;
Virginia's turf must wrap my clay;
Her winds my requiem sigh!

Johnson's Island, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1864.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

[Correspondence of "The Land we Love."]

In our last, we had tried to present to the reader the vast preliminary works necessitated by the Exposition, together with an idea of its shape and method of construction. We mentioned that the Exposition building was situated in one corner of the vast Champs de Mars; too vast indeed, on first thought, for the purpose intended: but it was precisely from this excess of space that the idea arose to form the large and beautiful park by which the Exposition is surrounded. The Champs de Mars contains about 500,000 square yards, of which the Exposition covers nearly 200,000, leaving an excess of more than 300,000 square yards. This, like the building itself, was divided among the different nations, according to their necessities; the portion of the park assigned them, corresponding as nearly as possible with their section of the building. In this park, which is conveniently divided by walks, we find all the machinery which, by reason of its size or nature, it was impossible to place in the building proper; all the steam boilers and apparatus employing fire, light-houses, wind-mills, chimes, specimens of all kinds of architecture, Arab tents and American farm-houses, Egyptian temples, English cottages, the ancient constructions of Mexico, specimens from China, Russia, etc., built in many instances by native workmen, imported for the purpose.—Here, also, we see the pavilions intended for the repose of the different sovereigns, on the occasion of their visit to the Exposition; gotten up in the style of their country, and decorated in a manner corresponding to the rank of their noble visitors. We have, also, in the Park, which is bounded on the one side by the Seine, the Exhibition of the English and French war departments, vast lifting engines, Russian stables filled with fine specimens of the horses of that country; model cities for the poor (cités ouvriérs,) being attempts at the solution of one of the most important and interesting questions of the day, viz: to provide cheap and comfortable accommodations for the working classes. On the banks of the Seine, are the exhibitions of the English and French marines, life-boats and various systems for saving the lives of persons on board wrecked vessels. In the river, lie quantities of boats of all descriptions, from the ancient looking gallery of the Viceroy of Egypt, rowed by a number of dark-skinned Egyptians, to the smart looking modern yacht, and the still more useful, but not so handsome steamboat. In fact a few hours spent in wandering through this strange conglomeration, would almost make us demand, if the days of Aladin had not returned. Our imagination,

however, is prevented from straying very far by the many signs of modern industry which surround us on every side, and the sight of a Celestial, guardian of a Chinese temple, crying in good French, "Cinquante centimes d'entrée! Messieurs! cinquante centimes!" makes us suspect that this Chinaman might have been born in Paris, and that the whole is a gigantic masquerade. There is, however, one department of the Park that will awaken the admiration of almost every one, and especially of the fair sex, the "Reserved Garden," a portion of the Park enclosed for the purpose of a horticultural exhibition, and containing a number of hot-houses; one especially remarkable for its size, and others for their mode of construction. Here, also, we have the enormous sea, and fresh water aquariums, with beautiful grottoes, giving passage under them, and thus permitting a view of these monstrous curiosities in all their movements and their various habits. But to all these things we will revert in detail hereafter, my plan being to take up and examine the exhibition of each nation separately; that is to study the Exposition by sections, rather than by galleries. This disposition permits of a little more variety than would the latter, which, however, would probably offer some advantages for comparisons.

Having given thus a glance at the vast plan, let us return to the Exposition proper: Of the many galleries that I mentioned in my first article several are narrow and destined exclusively for the circulation, leaving but seven to be occupied by articles exposed.—The first of these galleries, far more vast than the others, is known as the "gallery of machines," and is probably the largest and most remarkable piece of sheet iron work extant—81 feet high and 111 feet wide; while the periphery of the central ellipse has a length of 1326 yards. The roof is corrugated iron, supported by trellised arches in sheet iron spanning the entire width, and sustained on columns of the same material, to which are bolted the sheet iron sides of the building.—Rising 30 feet or more above the other galleries, the upper portion is almost exclusively in glass; thus giving ample light, which the other galleries receive by skylights. In the centre, a platform supported by pillows at a height of 12 feet permits a continuous promenade around the entire gallery, to view the thousand and one machines exposed below, as it were a panorama, while stairs placed every 100 yards or so permit an easy descent should our attention be specially attracted.—The shafting which gives motion to these hundreds of machines is, as neccessitated by the form of the building in sections, that is short lengths, each section receiving power from a separate engine of a different pattern, which is furnished with steam by the boilers outside; thus giving opportunity to test practically the merits of the different systems put forward in competition. Around the sides are smaller machines and different kinds of apparatus, while the walls are covered with speci-

mens of their work, or with maps and drawings.

But not to stop too long on the first notice of this gigantic gallery, I would but mention that it is surrounded without by a wide covered walk where they have installed the restaurants and refreshment saloons, and where one can eat after the cuisine and service of any or all nations.

Proceeding inwards, the next concentric gallery, divided by a half high partition into two parts, is devoted to "first products" (matiéres premiéres) of all kinds: the first part containing the woods, minerals, metals, earths, the results of their first transformation, in fact everything of a gross description, while the second is filled with cotton, wool, silk, all sorts of fibre, in its various stages of preparation, and wrought into the fabric. In this gallery of primary products, we have a panorama of the speciality of production of every nation; a natural geography, which speaks to the eye, and almost permits us to describe the physical character of a country, from what it here places before us as its speciality. Of every thing to be used hereafter in manufactures we have here a sample, metals of all kinds with which to construct the machines, materials of every description to feed them,—and these in every stage of preparation—from the ore that resembles a worthless rock to the fine ingot and polished arbor; from the cotton in the boll, the silk in the cocoon to the spectrum of variously dyed threads and to the magnificent rolls of cloths, silks, damasks and every variety of rich fabric.

The next gallery, divided like the preceeding, into two parts, is allotted to the article of *Dress* (vetement,) taken in a most comprehensive sense, as including every thing that is necessary, convenient or ornamental to the person. Assuredly, nowhere will we find a more striking application of the old latin proverb, "*de gustibus non est disputandum*";—a gigantic masquerade with figures in all costumes, from the Norwegian, covered with skins and smelling naturally of fish and rancid grease, to the Parisian, elegant altogether in the height of fashion. Elegant dresses, costing thousands of francs; dainty shoes, of exquisite shape and workmanship; cashmere shawls, laces; splendid dressing gowns; jewels of all descriptions and of royal worth, with uncouth Persian and other far away eastern garments; Laplanders in their sleds, etc., etc., in fact a gathering from antipodes, in which, as I have noticed, the modern naturally predominates. It is interesting, not only for the curious differences that I have remarked, and for the beautiful articles, almost works of art that we find there, but also from the fact that we there see machine made specimens of many articles hitherto entirely fabricated by hand; and it affords us another opportunity to evalue the successful march of mechanical invention.

Continuing inwards, we next come to the gallery, or rather the two galleries, devoted to "Furniture," (mobilier,) and here may

be spent many pleasant hours, by any one fond of beautiful porcelain, fine glass, and objects of art intended for embellishment.—Furniture of all descriptions, carpets, tapestries, sculptured woods, silver ware, bronzes, with clocks and apparatus of horology, both of precision and for decoration, on every side; while above and around are innumerable brackets, candelabras and apparatus for heating and lighting. It has altogether the appearance of an enormous household on a moving day.

We have next the gallery of "material for the liberal arts," (matériel des arts liberaux,) comprising specimens of printing and binding, exposed not only to show the practical advancement of the trade, but also as works of art—there being some book-binders who are almost ranked as artists on account of the purity of design and the fine execution of their illuminated covers.

Our admiration is called forth by quantities of the most exquisite photographs and engravings, which we find here, together with all sorts of systems of producing them. To this gallery also appertains the instruments of music; and in order that the merits of the different instruments may be appreciated we have here a continuous concert, usually by excellent players, who receive a very liberal share of public attention. Almost along side we find another class of instruments of a far less pleasing type: saws, and scalpels, forceps and all the dreaded paraphernalia of the surgical and medical professions: an exposition vastly curious, however, as showing the amount of ingenuity that has been bestowed on apparatus to neatly carve humanity. Here also we see a magnificent display of engineering, astronomical and optical instruments, among which we will hereafter notice whatever may be especially new or interesting.

The next concentric circle is known as the picture gallery and is devoted to the exhibition of the works of modern artists. Here the crowd of every class come to refresh their eyes and ease their brain—tired by hours spent in the sight and study of machines and their harsh geometric forms.

It is easy to comprehend that in an exhibition so large as this, and above all in one so cosmopolitan, we find many works of very mediocre merit; some, indeed, are so shockingly bad as to make us wonder that they were admitted to an exhibition where every thing was to be of the best: still each section bears the impress of its nationality, and good, bad or indifferent, offers an interest in that it permits a just comparison.

There are also several galleries of pictures in the park belonging to different governments and which were too large to be installed in the palace; such are the exhibitions of Bavaria and Belgium—the latter being almost a collection of gems, some ancient, some modern. There are several of these pictures, to which we will hereafter devote a more detailed description, not only because they are things of beauty and deserve to live, but also because we desire to acquaint our readers with

whatever has attracted general attention, I will not say from the official juries, but from that great judge more natural, and by far more impartial, an enlightened people.

We find here and there in this gallery some fine specimens of sculpture, both in bronze and marble; the converging alleys are filled with it, and there are several compositions that will cause us to pause, interested or reflective.

The next is a special gallery, the result of a very happy idea, and which has produced one of the most pleasing parts of the great whole. It is called the "History of Labor," (Histoire du travail,) and amply justifies its name. Commencing from the earliest times, we have here the results of the struggles of nearly all nations to approach perfection; its point of departure and its present advancement. It is a curious history thus written in the works of all people, and is well worthy of a thoughtful, careful visit. It would, however, be a learned archeologue who would thoroughly appreciate the whole of this curious panorama; inscriptions on stone, from the rude writing of the Ptolemys, to the most perfect specimens of modern lithographic art; curiously chiseled wares in gold and silver, and old armor with casques looking like kitchen utensils; in fact examples of every thing, and from every nation.

This is the last of the concentric galleries, and from it we enter the central garden, of which we can make the tour under a protecting roof that extends from the building. It appears in itself nothing remarkable; a pavilion in its centre is devoted to the exhibition of the weights and moneys of all countries; on either side of which we have beds of flowers and fountains. Between the pillars which sustain the roof of the open gallery, we have pieces of statuary, while the walls of the building are hung with architectural drawings. A pleasant place to rest a few moments when tired of the sights within. From its centre too, radiate all the streets running to the outer circumference, and which I forgot to mention, are named after the countries which they traverse; thus, Rue de Grand Bretagne; Rue d'Afrique; Rue de Chine, etc., which offers an easy and quick method of finding the exhibition of any particular nation.

Having thus given our readers a general idea of the Exposition, its arrangements and its contents, we propose to study the department of each nation more in detail, and to stop an instant, wherever we find anything interesting or curious; in fact, to make our readers conversant with whatever may hereafter be the theme of conversation, or live in the reminiscences of the visitors to this great fair. We only regret that we are not able to add to our articles a certain number of illustrations, which would aid our explications and afford an additional pleasure to our readers, but the limits of our articles, and the nature of the publication, (non-illustrated) for which we write will not permit.

We will commence our explications, as in courtesy bound, by an examination of the exhibitions of our hosts, and will extend it to those of other nations without any specified order.

In point of space, France has certainly reserved to herself more than the lion's share, for of the 200,000 square yards covered by building, she occupies 80,000 square yards, besides innumerable dependencies in the Park. From this it is evident that, in the majority of articles, she excels in point of quantity, every other nation; but the quality is often disputed.

The department of machinery is extensive and vastly interesting to any one fond of the mechanical arts, and even the mere man of the world will find there much to instruct and amuse.

But two other nations can rival in this respect with France, viz: England and the United States, and their expositions are necessarily limited, from the fact that they are strangers. It is but a short time since France imported much of her machinery, and used in her fabrications English iron almost exclusively, now she has a large number of iron mines and refining works in operation, and from this advancement all the other industries have received an impulse, and the mechanical arts are now being rapidly developed and put in execution in this country, which, but a few years since, was the avowed enemy to anything like mechanic labor; a prejudice that has not yet entirely disappeared, and which it is to be hoped the present Exposition will help to eradicate.

Mounting to the little gallery that I have spoken of, by a flight of steps, we find ourselves overlooking a vast and busy scene; on either side of the steps is a triumphal pyramid of worked metals, that is to say, formed of pipes, bars, nails, etc., quite artistically arranged and formed into a pyramid. In one, we have columns of piping supporting a dome in the shape of a huge wrought copper kettle, some 7 feet in diameter, by 3½ feet deep, and the columns are placed on a base in the shape of a sheet of laminated lead nearly 9 feet wide by 65 or 70 feet long. The pyramid on the other side is similar to this, only the tubes have been drawn and not soldered, and the many examples presented of tests that they have been submitted to, permit us to appreciate the value of this mode of fabrication. We see, also, some curious examples of pipes in lead, separated by internal longitudinal partitions into several separate conduits.

Immediately in rear of these pyramids is the exposition of cordage, for marine and land usage, both in hemp and iron; the most considerable being an iron rope of a decreasing rectangular section, 507 yards long, and weighing over 10,000 pounds, it is intended for the mines of Creusot.

A step further and we are in the midst of the machines for the manufacture of fabrics of all descriptions, commencing naturally with those intended for preparing the thread, and exposed chiefly by the manufacturers of the cit-

ies, where their industries form a speciality; Lyons for silk, Rouen for cotton, etc. We have, in the order we pass them, all the machines for carding, rolling and spinning wool, preparing it completely for the loom—also for felting; and along side a repetition of the same style of machinery, with the difference that is for working cotton. With these we have looms innumerable, from the old style hand loom to the most recently perfected automatic machine that works with marvelous precision and rapidity. The system generally employed, and which almost every one understands, is that of Jacquard, in which the pattern is arranged by means of holes pierced in pieces of card-board, for doing which we have here several machines; but a new machine that is exposed, permits of replacing the card-board by paper, which diminishes wonderfully the cost and volume of the pattern. In the Jacquard system, where the rising of the warp is regulated by the pierced card-boards, it is evidently necessary to have as many of them as there are woofs in the pattern, which sometimes amounts to 500 or a 1000, and becomes both expensive and voluminous; by the new method this is avoided and the saving is said to be eleven twelfths of the present expense. This improvement is due chiefly to Mr. Acklin.

Here we see also the machines for hosiery and fancy goods; chiefly an exhibition of knitting machines of the most improved patterns, both straight and circular; though the latter seems to predominate, and to be most in favor. The old style, straight, hand, knitting machines could make on an average 5000 stitches a minute; moved by steam power, they made ten times as much, say 50,000, whilst the best circular machines, under the same conditions, make 500,000, say 3,000,000 stitches an hour.

Our attention is also attracted by several machines for making fishing nets: they work with rapidity and turn out a very neat article; the gallery in their neighborhood is all festooned with their products. There is a large number of machines for making shawls, laces, fringes, trimmings, etc., which, though all are curious, it would not be possible to enumerate but in a catalogue.

A curious, though simple, exposition that we find along side is that of the apparatus intended for pisciculture—a science altogether recent, and due chiefly to the patient observations and untiring efforts of Joseph Remy, an unlettered fisherman of the Vosges. By careful watching, passing for this purpose many days in the water hidden by the rushes he discovered the system of reproduction in the piscine tribe, and saw how the eggs were made fecundating, and that ordinarily the female deposed them in a hole which she scrapes out and afterwards re-covers with her tail.—He thus found that from many natural causes, an eddy washing them away, a sudden freeze where the water was shallow, or their being left to dry on the sand by the waters retiring, few, very few indeed, were produced. He there-

fore set about constructing all the necessary apparatus in which to hatch out and raise the young, etc; in fact he resolved the problem completely, and created a new, and certainly most useful science, when we think of what importance is every thing that tends towards increasing food in countries as densely populated as is the most of Europe. I have given a mere notice of it, but pisciculture is now taught in most of the higher engineering schools in France.

Following this interesting but modest exposition, is that of the machines and appliances for printing, both on cloth and paper, from the simple machine with which we are all acquainted, to the calico printing machines for several colors, and the machines for printing wall paper, an industry that has certainly made an astonishing progress; for to-day, they imitate wonderfully well the ancient wall-hangings that were made in stamped leather, at a price but little above that of ordinary wall paper. There are also presses for lithography, for printing engravings, and machines for copying the engravings themselves, in steel; that is to say, engraving several plates from the original. It is worked by electricity, and is simple in conception and execution. The original engraving has all its lines filled up with a non-conducting substance, say a varnish, and is fastened to a plate, to which is given a slow rotary movement (the axis of rotation is horizontal,) a wire fastened to a slide, and starting from the centre of rotation, is pushed by means of a fine threaded screw, across the surface of the plate, nearly all points of which are thus touched by the spiral described on the rotating plate, by the point of wire. In the same plane with this plate, and with their axes parallel, are fixed a series of plates intended for the copies. Before each one of them is a small electro-magnet, to the armature of which is attached a graver that is thrown against the plate by a spring, and withdrawn when the armature is attracted by the electro-magnet. The magnet, armature, etc., is mounted on a slide, moved by means of a screw across the surface of the plate in precisely the same manner as the wire stylus of the first plate. One pole of a galvanic battery is attached to the electro-magnets which communicate with each other, and with the wire stylus moving across the surface of the engraving, the other pole communicates directly with this engraving. When, therefore, the stylus rests against the plate, the current passes, the armatures are attracted by the electro-magnets, and the gravers prevented from touching the plates, but when, by the rotation of the first plate, the stylus passes over a mark containing varnish, the current is intercepted, the armatures released, the gravers are thrown against the plates, and make there a dot or scratch, equal to the width of the varnished line that the stylus has passed, and so on, until the whole surface of the engraving has been passed over. Evidently the size of the copy depends on the relative velocity of itself and

the model plate. We have here an almost infinite number of small hand-printing, lettering, and numbering machines, among them a small machine for printing visiting cards, "without ink," as says the placard, the meaning of which is that the ink, which by the nature of the work need be in very small quantity, has been imbued in an endless band of cloth, and suffices for a large number of cards. It turns out an exceedingly neat article and (being run by hand,) at the rate of more than a hundred per minute.

On the sides we have several drawings of paper machinery, and several machines for preparing the pulps, and some models of entire factories.

At this point we enter another style of exhibition, where the apparatus takes far different forms from those that we have just regarded; it is the department of the chemical arts, by which is comprised the manufacture of soaps and candles, of caoutchouc, varnishes and essences, besides pharmaceutical and chemical preparations. We also find here specimens of the products of the Imperial tobacco factories, the "weed" in all shapes and conditions, together with some of the machinery for its preparation.—The manufacture and sale of tobacco, in France, is one of the government monopolies, and the sum derived from it forms quite an important item of the revenues.

A soap factory, on a small scale, is located here, and all the different processes of manufacture are gone through on the spot. The soap, however, is produced without the aid of heat, the alkali being united to the fatty matter by a thorough and continued trituration; it is afterwards forced into bars of any desired shape of section, cut, pressed, stamped and ready for sale, and is, apparently, an excellent article.

The machinery for the manufacture of candles is of the most improved sort, both the preparation of the stearine and its formation into candles. The first is done in hydraulic presses of very convenient construction for this purpose, they are moulded on a continuous wick, which enters the small end of the mould, as the candles are drawn out at the large end: they are then polished by being rolled along a table by means of a carrier, while brushes moving backward and forward across the table rub them longitudinally, after which they are stamped and are ready for packing and sale. I would mention an improvement, due to an English manufacturer, whereby the large end is made tapering, so as to fit any candlestick; "it is an *end* devoutly to be wished for" by any one who has (and who has not,) experienced the annoyance of having a candle too small for the socket.

WE WILL WAIT.

Within a chamber, which the rarest taste,
Conjoined with antique art and wealth, had made
The fitting shrine of a divinity,
A lovely Lady sat, on whose broad brow
There beamed a beauty not expressed by words
Of our poor human language. Such a look
As souls may wear when purgatorial fires
Have burned away the many stains and soils
Of earthly errors, and upon them dawns,—
Their pangs still unforgotten—all the peace
And bliss of heaven. She had suffered much;
Her life the reproduction of an oft told tale,—
High birth, fair face, and gifted nature linked
To poverty. A castle, scarcely fit
For human habitation, and some rare,
And costly jewels formed her worldly dower
And wealth. She loved, and was beloved by one,
Who matched her nature as deep answereth deep.
They were the halves of a once severed soul,
Which fitted to each other would have made—
Indissolubly strong—a perfect whole.
It might not be—such wealth of happiness
Is not for mortals! Duty barred their bliss
With adamantine chain of filial love,
And she with woman's wondrous strength,
Made sacrifice not only of herself,
But herself's dearer part—the man she loved!
She wedded one she loved not, save with love
Which women give to those, whose names they bear,
Simply because they bear them.—Due respect,
And calm and kindly feeling, whose sole fault
Was lack of love. He, material wholly,
Neither looked, nor cared for more. He was content
To own her beauty, and to know his name
Derived new lustre from her sharing it,
For she was pure as her own bosom, or
The spotless ermine, which adorned her robes,

When with her peers of England's high born dames,
She stood before her Sovereign, and bowed down
In loving homage, o'er that royal hand
Than which a nobler one was never owned
By crownéd Queen or woman! Full of years,
Her Lord was gathered to his fathers, mourned
With pensive sadness, no parade of grief.
He blessed her as he died, and left her young,
And rich, and beautiful. She had all gifts,
Except the one worth all.—That one was lost!
So knowing but too well, the happiness
She craved so keenly, never could be hers,
She meekly took the lot in life God gave,
And used it nobly. Sitting now alone,
With scarcely conscious fingers she removed
The close sealed stone beneath whose clinging clasp
The fount of mem'ry slumbered. With a gush,
The bubbling waters from their prison burst,
And with their mighty volume washed away
Her cares and sorrows, bringing up so clear
Her life's brief spring time with its gleam of joy,
That though the present was not all forgot,
Its power to sway her vanished, and her past
Came back before her with such magic force,
That in her thoughts she was once more a girl,
And lived the story of her loving o'er
In burning words like these:

"The snow has wrapped the earth as in a mantle,
The midnight winds are moaning low and deep,
And I within my locked, luxurious chamber,
Tryst with the sheeted ghosts of memory keep.

This soft white cloak, above the frozen landscape,
The weary moon's pure beams of paley gold,
Are fitting types of my enforced existence,
Lit by the star of duty, clear but cold.

I sit alone with listless hands laid idly,
Void of all purpose, on my torpid breast.—
I wonder if its throbs would rise so calmly,
If God had sent a baby there to rest!

A tiny thing with clustering chestnut ringlets,
And eyes—not black—but mellow golden brown;
It might have been if—now such thoughts are sinful,—
God and the angels help me crush them down!

Best as it is!—yet sometimes thoughts rebellious,
Break through the surface of my iron will,
Recounting all the sweets life has denied me,
And making them by contrast sweeter still.

They do not last, those human vain repinings,
Though long the shadows, which they cast, remain,
A strength comes with them, product born of suffering—
Faith is the opiate, Heaven applies to pain!

Here gazing deep into the glowing embers,
Watching the weird, fantastic shapes they cast,
I see as if within a magic mirror,
The saddest evening of our buried past.

Do you remember it my spirit's-darling?—
That autumn evening when the sun sank low
Into a sea of crimson crested cloudlets,
And earth, and air, and heaven flamed all aglow

With fire drawn from the inmost depths of nature,
Though cold, and pale, and faint its radiance seemed
To that transcending, opalescent glory,
Which in our panting bosoms flashed and beamed.

When the wild love so long walled in and fettered,
Burst all its barriers and with torrent strong,
Rushed, surged, and eddied in ecstatic passion,
And whirled us in delirious bliss along.

Have you forgotten the close-wooded thicket,
Whose tall pines darkled on the scarlet sky?
How you besought me to explore its shadows,
How, trembling, I refused not knowing why?

I know well now! It was our guardian angel,
Who speeding swiftly from some crystal sphere,
Whispered a word of softly solemn warning
To my unconscious, half-reluctant ear.

We lingered, wandering through the quiet village
Till evening merged in twilight dusk and chill,
And your dear hands, which held my own so fondly,
Clasped me in close caresses fonder still.

Returning thence, we reached the narrow foot-path,
Along the craggy hillside rudely thrown,
Where you released me with a mournful whisper:
"We part, my own love,—each must walk alone."

Ah! darling, those sad words were too prophetic
Of our dark future with its woes and strife—
Not only on the rugged hill-side parted,
But severed from each other through all life!

As on we crept, in words as soft and soothing
As mothers use when suffering babes they tend,
I tried to tell you that our hopeless loving
Must here, in its beginning, find its end.

Even as I spoke, my fluttering scarlet mantle
Was pinioned down by two strong arms above;
Then came a wild, sharp moan, a frantic pressure,
And then the first, sweet kiss of perfect love.

Another, and another, till I pleaded
All faint and frightened, white as ocean's foam,
Till clinging to you in my sudden weakness,
We reached the ruined castle, I called home.

Within its lonely moss-grown porch we cowered
While passion, like a Tropic tempest, spurned control,
And in fierce gusts of varying bliss and anguish,
Raged on resistless through each frenzied soul.

Half crazed with pain, then thrilled with fond emotion,
Despair and love by turns possessed each heart,
While with a stroke by which two lives were murdered,
We struck the blow, that wrenched our love apart.

No tears—our woe lay far beneath their sources;
No weak regrets, nor stooping to repine.
Our life, our love, ourselves, with strength unearthly
We laid with conscious hands, on duty's shrine.

CHARACTER OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE AS ESTALBISHED BY THE EVENTS OF THE LATE WAR.

THE late head of the Freedmen's Bureau, in Virginia, (Gen. Terry) is reported to have said that the result of the late war, was but the legitimate consequence of a conflict between an inferior and superior race! Since many races were on that occasion arrayed against the South, it would have served the cause of truth, had the officer in question, been a little more explicit, had he told us to which of the allied races he attributed the superiority of which he made mention.—Whether to the Teutonic, as exhibited by the 250,000 Prussians, Saxons, Hessians, Hanoverians, &c., found in the Federal ranks, or to the 200,000 Irish, who, in the same ranks, asserted the claims of the Celtic. Or to the 200,000 negroes, without whose aid, according to Mr. Lincoln, the South would have prevailed—or to the two millions of Anglo-Saxons who "defended the life of the Nation" "went in for the Old Flag," and did a number of other funny things, such as "Skedaddling" from Bethel, "cutting dirt" from Bull Run, and making themselves scarce generally, whenever the field became too hot to suit their Northern constitutions. Perhaps, however, he lumped the whole, and made one race of the amalgam. Since the congregated rabble of Europe, is gravely christened "a nation," for no other reason, as far as we can see, than that it is collected within the territories of the United States, there can be, most assuredly, no objection to dubbing this undigested mass of fighting men "*a race.*"

Probably we may be influenced by an undue partiality for our own people. But we cannot agree with this estimate of the General. We cannot believe that a race which gave birth to Washington, Lee, Calhoun, Clay, Macon, Lowndes, Randolph, Pinckney, Henry, can be inferior to the races we have described—to Yankees and negroes, Germans and Irish. True, the united mass subdued us. The Huns subjugated the Roman Empire; but was Attila superior to Julius Cæsar, or the race from which he sprang, to the race which conquered and civilized the world? So far from agreeing with General Terry in this low estimate, we are disposed to think that the resistance made by the soldiers and people of the Confederacy, was the most heroic of which there is any account in all history. In order to prove this, it is sufficient to take a very cursory glance at the relative condition of the two sections.

First of all, the Confederates inhabited a country, watered on two sides by the ocean and gulf of Mexico, and intersected by the Mississippi, and it had no navy.—By the innumerable bays and rivers that indent the country in all

directions, the enemy, possessing six hundred vessels of war, was enabled to penetrate into the interior, to capture all our considerable towns, to destroy our resources, to separate one half of the Confederacy from the other, to establish military bases wherever they thought proper, and to flank any line of operations that we might establish in any part of the vast field of hostilities. His navy entirely blockaded the Atlantic ports, and rendered all communication with foreign countries impossible; an advantage to him of the most vital importance, since it enabled him to cut off all supplies of arms and ammunition from the Confederacy, which might otherwise have reached it from abroad. And never was a belligerent state more in need of such supplies. Its troops were never, to the last day of the war, more than half armed. For more than two years of the war, they had to depend entirely upon the old smooth bore musket, the rusty sabre, and the short range cannon of a passed age, while their enemies were furnished in the greatest profusion, with weapons of the latest invention, procured, by the cargo, from Europe, or made in their own manufactories in the Northern and Western States. Under such circumstances, it would have been wonderful, had the Confederacy held its ground for a single year, though it had been able to oppose a numerical equality to the North. But that was far from being the case. The North arrayed against us a force, which, in point of numbers, was altogether unexampled in the wars of the French Revolution, which more than trebled the host with which Attila desolated the provinces of the Roman Empire, which doubled the forces that marched under the banner of Genghis Khan, and quadrupled that with which Tamerlane swept Asia, from the "guardian river of India, to the shores of the Egean sea." According to the New York *Herald*, from first to last, during a war of four years, lacking a few days, the government of the United States had under arms, 3,100,000 men. According to an official report, published since the war, the force was something less, viz: 2,600,000 men! The difference always existing between the force on paper, and the force actually present, is probably represented by the difference between the newspaper, and the official statement. We doubt whether a history of all the Crusades, from Peter the Hermit, to St. Louis, would make an exhibit of such numbers, although they ran through one hundred and fifty years. Allowing the conscription laws of the first Napoleon to have furnished 200,000 men per annum, during the nine years that he occupied the throne, (from 2d Dec. 1804, to the 26th April, 1814) they fail by 800,000 men to supply a force numerically equal to that borne upon the books of the Federal War Office. The most gigantic campaign of modern times, was that of 1817, in Germany. The allied forces of Russia, Prussia and Austria, numbered 720,000 men. That of France 510,000. All Europe warred against France. The Em-

pire of Napoleon embraced 47,000,000 souls. In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, 1,100,000 men occupied the cities and provinces of France. In 1864, after the surrender of Lee, 1,160,000 men constituted the force of the Federal army, being 60,000 more men than Europe thought sufficient to keep down the French Empire. Napoleon tells us himself, that had it not been for his defeat, at Waterloo, he would have had 800,000 men under arms, to contend with Europe, by the first day of August. It is evident, then, that the force brought by the allies to put him down, was not a man too strong. But what could have required the organization of such an enormous army as that of the United States? Surely the rulers could not have thought the adversaries it was to face so despicable as the Ex-Head of Bureau represented them to be. And this brings us to an examination of the strength of the Confederacy in men. We have already seen how deficient they were in arms, ammunition, and all the materials of war.

The Slave States in 1860 numbered about 11,000,000 souls, of whom 4,000,000 were black. The whites numbered 7,000,000 all told. Early in the beginning of the war, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri were secured by the Federals, who became masters of all their resources. A few regiments of brave men, from these States, crossed the lines and came into our camp. But the Federals had the use of the large majority of the men, and all the resources. Western Virginia erected herself into a State and went over to the enemy. The negroes may be set down as constituting no item in the account. If they cultivated the fields in the beginning, the service thus rendered was neutralized by their afterwards enlisting with the enemy, to the tune of 200,000 men. Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Western Virginia, embraced about 2,500,000 souls of the 7,000,000 estimated for the whole South. Their excision left us, in 1862, about 4,500,000 souls, with which to continue the struggle against 25,000,000. Out of this handful was to be selected the force, which was to face numbers that proved in the end to be, from first to last, 2,600,000 men. It is well known that the army register was burnt in the War Office at Richmond. A few months since, what purported to be an abstract of our muster roll was published in the Northern papers. It stated that our force was only as high as 300,000 men, and that Lee's army once, and only once, amounted to 103,000. The Southern papers immediately declared that if the papers at the North had really gotten possession of our muster rolls, they had published them in a garbled condition. This was soon made to appear. The gallant officer, who delivered up Mobile at the end of the war, was charged with a garrison of 15,000 men. He wrote to say that he surrendered between five and six thousand into the hands of the enemy. Instead of having ever amounted at any one time to 300,000 men, our entire force, when at its largest (in 1862,) did not exceed 200,000.

This we learn from Professor Dabney's life of Stonewall Jackson. That book, or that part of it, was written during the war, and of course before the War Office, to which he had free access, was burned. Gen. Lee, according to the same authority, had 75,000 men, including Jackson's corps, at the time of his operations against McClellan around Richmond, and that was the largest force he ever had. Magruder is credited, in the garbled report, with 15,000 men. He had, in truth, when his ranks were fullest, about one-half of that number.—It is very certain, that the Confederate States, from first to last, counting every man, never brought into the field 500,000 men. Dividing the number of men by the number of years, it was 125,000 men a year, against 650,000 for the same period. And yet against these enormous odds, the gallant little army of the Confederacy struggled without flinching for four years. They fought at least thirty pitched battles, and innumerable combats, in the large majority of which they were victorious, and more than once brought their enemy to the verge of concession. Did any people, of whom we read in history, ever make such a defence of their liberties?

Xerxes invaded Greece with an army 5,400,000 strong, according to Herodotus. Of these, 1,700,000 were troops, the rest mere camp-followers. Of these troops, the Persians, alone, were worthy to be called such, and these, as may be learned by his having entrusted them to Mardonius to finish his conquest, while he fled back to Susa, did not greatly exceed 300,000. There was this great difference between the Greeks and the Confederates.—The Greeks had a fleet, and the Confederates had none. The fleet of the Greeks decided the issue, by defeating that of Xerxes, and almost destroying it at Salamis. Nearly every part of Greece was approachable by a fleet. The Peloponessus, as its name indicates, was indeed, almost surrounded by water, the little Isthmus of Corinth alone interposing to prevent the uniting of the waters. A maritime power could easily place Greece in great danger. A power, whose fleet was destroyed, ceases to be formidable. This Xerxes found, for he fled after the destruction of his fleet, leaving Mardonius to complete his conquest, as we have just said. In the summer of the second year, that General was defeated, and with his entire army, except about 50,000, who fled before the battle, slaughtered at Platæa. The battle of Mycale, fought the same day, in his rear, on the coast of Asia, destroyed his fleet and the forces with it, and cutting off all communication with Asia Minor, left whatever of the Persian host Platæa had spared, entirely at the mercy of the Greeks. Two campaigns, during which only four battles had been fought, settled the question of Persian conquest in Greece forever; the reflux of the tide in after years, poured Europe upon Asia, as its flux had brought Asia upon Europe. This defence of their homes, and their liberties, not less than the genius of their

poets, philosophers, historians, and artists, rendered the little Republics of Greece illustrious through all succeeding ages; but we submit, that it was not so difficult as that of the Southern people in their warfare for national existence.

The struggle of Scotland with the whole power of her gigantic neighbor, during the reigns of Edward I. and his successor, was glorious beyond description.—But placed by the side of this, in which the Confederacy was involved, it will be found not worthy of being compared with it. Contrasted with our four years war, the war in which Frederick the Great was involved with Russia, Austria, and France, for the maintenance of Prussian independence, was mere child's play. He enjoyed the alliance of England, which, in the hands of the elder Pitt, was the most powerful empire in the world. He was in a country, which could be penetrated only by long marches by land—his forces never stood to those of his enemy less than in a proportion of one to two. His enemies were separated by immense distances, while he held the central position, and could (as he did) attack in detail. Above all, he was an absolute monarch, regulated military matters according to his own will, and could, without asking their leave, command the lives and resources of all the people in his dominions. After all, he was only saved from ruin by the timely death of the Empress Elizabeth, and the accession of Peter, his devoted admirer, two events which broke up the coalition against him. From first to last, the whole force directed against Frederick, during the Seven Years' War, did not exceed the number called for by any one of the acts of the Federal Congress after 1861.

The Spanish struggle, from 1808 to 1814, excited the admiration of the world, yet what was it compared to the conflict of the Confederacy, with its gigantic neighbor? The Peninsula had a population of at least 10,000,000. Its ally, Great Britain, held entire command of the seas, which nearly surround it.—France could only send her troops by long and painful marches over the worst roads in Europe, intersected by ranges of mountains swarming with guerillas. All the inhabitants were hostile—all hated the French with a deadly hatred. To such a degree did this hostility extend, that no straggler could leave his ranks for an hour without incurring certain death at the hands of the peasants. Spain was covered with fortresses and walled towns like Saragossa and Gerona. It was the country in which Sertorius and his desperadoes had maintained themselves for years, setting at defiance the whole power of Rome, and defeating one after another her bravest armies and best Generals, Pompey the Great, himself, being among the number of the latter. This huge garrison Napoleon invaded in 1808, at the head of 325,000 men. A large portion of these, he withdrew in the following year for the Austrian war, and thereafter the force in the whole Peninsula nev-

er exceeded 200,000 men at any one time. During the whole six years, it is certain that there were not half a million of Frenchmen in Spain.

We might cite a great many other famous cases of national resistance. But in courage, in obstinacy, in resistance to overwhelming odds, none approach that of the Confederacy.

If the worth of a people is to be estimated by the courage with which it resists encroachments upon its liberties—and this seems to be the test which General Terry applies to the Confederates—the South may challenge a comparison with all nations that ever existed upon the face of the earth. To use the expression of Mr. Joseph Segur—no friend as he took occasion to say to the Confederacy, "its courage was actually fabulous." The most tremendous battles of modern times, were fought by the half-armed, half-starved, ragged, and often quadruply outnumbered sons of the South, and it was very seldom that they were ever beaten.—They were starved into submission at last. They fought as we heard a gallant veteran say, one to two, one to three, one to five—sometimes, one to ten—but never equal numbers. It is hard to conceive what pleasure the victor can find in detracting from the merits of the vanquished. The chivalrous Knight of La Mancha tells us, that the champion who overthrows another in combat, falls heir to all his deeds. The victorious army is illustrious in proportion to the deeds of the army, which it overthrows in battle. The general is great, in proportion to the fame of the general he defeats. Wellington constantly spoke of Napoleon as the greatest of all generals, ancient or modern. "He fought the battle," said he in a letter to his mother, written a few days after the battle of Waterloo, "with infinite valor, perseverance, and skill." Doubtless he thought so; but let him have thought as he might, it would have been great folly to have written, or spoken, otherwise, since in praising Napoleon, he was exalting the greatness of his own name.

Let slander and detraction do their worst. The *true* history of the war will yet be written. "The Land we Love," though overwhelmed by numbers, in a contest for all that she held sacred, will yet appear in her true colors. The character which that contest bestowed upon her, is such as her sons will glory to own. It is not surpassed by any that has been borne by the bravest and most renowned nations of ancient or modern times.

THE HAVERSACK.

In order to develop "latent unionism" in us unfortunate rebels, our Northern brethren invented a triune shell, which, bursting at three different points in our wicked ranks, proclaimed with triple emphasis, "the union must and shall be preserved!" First, the outer shell, or envelop burst with a thundering explosion, and when we supposed the destruction was over, and our nerves were beginning to resume their tranquillity, the second of the series took up the refrain and sang of that love which could not bear to leave the "wayward sisters." Now we feel sure that the mischief is over; but it is just beginning, the inner shell of the three, filled with musket balls, breaks into fragments, and sends its unwelcome contents rattling over, around, and among us. Surely, our kinsmen across the Susquehanna have a strange way of showing their love for us—their unwillingness to part with us! We first became practically acquainted with this novel and interesting species of shell at Sharpsburg. It was really a charming sight, these successive explosions—when viewed at a respectable distance, and we involuntarily exclaimed, "how beautiful!" But in this, as in most cases, in war, "distance lent enchantment to the view." For on getting nearer, there was a sense of insecurity, which robbed the thing of half its beauty, and excited the apprehension that the bursting machine would never stop. An honest old Tar-heel in the famous sunken road, at right angles to the Sharpsburg pike, expressed the sentiment of the whole rebel army: "Well now, Yanks, that ain't fair to take three pops at wonst at a feller, what ain't doing nothing at all agin you. It's real mean and demoralizing, and I don't care ef you know that I say so."

This triple shell probably suggested to that amiable and interesting Body of Christians in Washington the idea of one prodigious joke enveloping three other humorous and sportive fancies of real sparkling wit. Their Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill playfully says that life and property are insecure at the South.—This is the outer envelop, the big shell of all, which astounded us beyond measure. Then came the first condition for restoration, the putting the control of the property of the South in the hands of the ignorant, the depraved and the landless, in order to make it secure! This is the second shell of the series, and shocked us more than the first. Next came the godly missionaries stiring up hatred and strife—a war of races in order to give security to life! This is the heart of the shell loaded with its deadly missiles to scatter destruction through the land.

Now we are entirely too loyal to say with the old Tar-heel that all this is mean, but we fully concur with him that it is demoral-

er exceeded 200,000 men at any one time. During the whole six years, it is certain that there were not half a million of Frenchmen in Spain.

We might cite a great many other famous cases of national resistance. But in courage, in obstinacy, in resistance to overwhelming odds, none approach that of the Confederacy.

If the worth of a people is to be estimated by the courage with which it resists encroachments upon its liberties—and this seems to be the test which General Terry applies to the Confederates—the South may challenge a comparison with all nations that ever existed upon the face of the earth. To use the expression of Mr. Joseph Segur—no friend as he took occasion to say to the Confederacy, "its courage was actually fabulous." The most tremendous battles of modern times, were fought by the half-armed, half-starved, ragged, and often quadruply outnumbered sons of the South, and it was very seldom that they were ever beaten.—They were starved into submission at last. They fought as we heard a gallant veteran say, one to two, one to three, one to five—sometimes, one to ten—but never equal numbers. It is hard to conceive what pleasure the victor can find in detracting from the merits of the vanquished. The chivalrous Knight of La Mancha tells us, that the champion who overthrows another in combat, falls heir to all his deeds. The victorious army is illustrious in proportion to the deeds of the army, which it overthrows in battle. The general is great, in proportion to the fame of the general he defeats. Wellington constantly spoke of Napoleon as the greatest of all generals, ancient or modern. "He fought the battle," said he in a letter to his mother, written a few days after the battle of Waterloo, "with infinite valor, perseverance, and skill." Doubtless he thought so; but let him have thought as he might, it would have been great folly to have written, or spoken, otherwise, since in praising Napoleon, he was exalting the greatness of his own name.

Let slander and detraction do their worst. The *true* history of the war will yet be written. "The Land we Love," though overwhelmed by numbers, in a contest for all that she held sacred, will yet appear in her true colors. The character which that contest bestowed upon her, is such as her sons will glory to own. It is not surpassed by any that has been borne by the bravest and most renowned nations of ancient or modern times.

THE HAVERSACK.

In order to develop "latent unionism" in us unfortunate rebels, our Northern brethren invented a triune shell, which, bursting at three different points in our wicked ranks, proclaimed with triple emphasis, "the union must and shall be preserved!" First, the outer shell, or envelop burst with a thundering explosion, and when we supposed the destruction was over, and our nerves were beginning to resume their tranquillity, the second of the series took up the refrain and sang of that love which could not bear to leave the "wayward sisters." Now we feel sure that the mischief is over; but it is just beginning, the inner shell of the three, filled with musket balls, breaks into fragments, and sends its unwelcome contents rattling over, around, and among us. Surely, our kinsmen across the Susquehanna have a strange way of showing their love for us—their unwillingness to part with us! We first became practically acquainted with this novel and interesting species of shell at Sharpsburg. It was really a charming sight, these successive explosions—when viewed at a respectable distance, and we involuntarily exclaimed, "how beautiful!" But in this, as in most cases, in war, "distance lent enchantment to the view." For on getting nearer, there was a sense of insecurity, which robbed the thing of half its beauty, and excited the apprehension that the bursting machine would never stop. An honest old Tar-heel in the famous sunken road, at right angles to the Sharpsburg pike, expressed the sentiment of the whole rebel army: "Well now, Yanks, that ain't fair to take three pops at wonst at a feller, what ain't doing nothing at all agin you. It's real mean and demoralizing, and I don't care ef you know that I say so."

This triple shell probably suggested to that amiable and interesting Body of Christians in Washington the idea of one prodigious joke enveloping three other humorous and sportive fancies of real sparkling wit. Their Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill playfully says that life and property are insecure at the South.—This is the outer envelop, the big shell of all, which astounded us beyond measure. Then came the first condition for restoration, the putting the control of the property of the South in the hands of the ignorant, the depraved and the landless, in order to make it secure! This is the second shell of the series, and shocked us more than the first. Next came the godly missionaries stiring up hatred and strife—a war of races in order to give security to life! This is the heart of the shell loaded with its deadly missiles to scatter destruction through the land.

Now we are entirely too loyal to say with the old Tar-heel that all this is mean, but we fully concur with him that it is demoral-

izing. It has broken the backbone of fun throughout the Confederacy, so-called. The old rebs, who used to send their tit-bits for the Haversack, have ceased their contributions, in sullen despair at the hopelessness of the attempt to furnish any thing one-tenth as rich and refreshing. One bold Lieut. General, who never quailed before the face of mortal man, had the hardihood to put a pun in competition with the matchless joke. But he failed utterly, completely, hopelessly.

We make this preamble by way of explaining how the great Preamble has deterred our soldier friends from sending their usual monthly contributions, and by way of appeal to them not to let us starve to death: Generous boys in grey! we know that you cannot send us any thing so delicate and so exquisitely flavored, but you can, at least, give something plain and substantial. Do not desert an old comrade in arms. It is unsoldierly as well as ungenerous.

The Southern ladies—may Heaven bless them!—are generous, and not easily frightened. Fanny Fielding, of Norfolk, sends the first loaf to the Haversack. We highly appreciate the generosity of the donor, though the gift itself wants the dainty richness of the Washington paté.

Chronicles of the Reign of Terror, in Norfolk, (commencing from the evacuation of the post by the Confederates, May, 1862,) present, in common with those of other "occupied cities," a grotesque mingling of indignation-moving, disgusting, and ludicrous scenes. An incident of the latter class was narrated to me the other day, in the case of a certain Captain C. of the place. He appeared one morning, at the office of Major ——, Provost Marshal, known as a Bostonian, to answer some charge of misdemeanor in the running of a little coaster of which he was owner.

In the process of examination, this question arose from the Federal officer:

"Where were you born Captain C.?"

Now Captain C. is a man who holds his face, perhaps a little above the level, and looks you right in the eyes,—what was the meaning of a visible fall of countenance below the perpendicular, at this interrogation? Captain C. waived the point.

Some remark, a little foreign, was allowed to intervene, but the officer returned to the query:

"Where did you say you were born?"

"I never said," was the meek reply of the culprit.

"Then you *must* say!" was the rejoinder. The Yankee thought he had scented a secret, and every secret was "a masked battery," in those days.

"I don't see any use telling that,—I don't see what that's got to do with the craft."

"But, sir, you shall be punished for contempt of court if you do not answer such questions as are put."

"I'd rather you'd asked me any other question than that. It seems to me you're all trying everything to make little of ——"

"Silence, sir!" was the interruption, "except to answer what

I ask you. I insist on knowing if you were born in Norfolk,—if not, where you were born."

"I'm certainly ashamed to tell you where I was born, Major," persisted Capt. C. "but,—but,"—and he cleared his throat as if to ensure against choking,—gave his head an extra tuck into his bosom, — dropped his eyes lower, then, as if by a desperate effort of resolve uttered—"I was born in Massachusetts, if you will make me own it!"

The effect on suppressed Confederates standing around, in the language of the newspapers, "may be better imagined than described."

Lieutenant ——, 9th Virginia, Pickett's division, tells with philosophic composure now, of his chagrin at an incident occurring on one occasion, of the hurried transfer of his command from Kinston to attack the enemy at Newbern.

He was a very young officer, and a great stickler for military etiquette in its most unmitigated form,—exactness in terms no exception.

The greater portion of the war (he finished off the last year of the contest in Fort Delaware) he was first in command of his company, and, patriotism aside, felt much pride in having his men perfectly drilled. Upon setting out on this march alluded to, one of the privates was seen leaving the ranks and racing back in the direction from whence they had just started. Lieutenant ——, (acting captain) was engaged at the moment with some of his superior officers, upon whom, of course, he would wish to leave a good impression of himself as a disciplinarian. Astonished to see this man going the wrong way, he shortly, sharply halted him: "Where are you going, sir?"

"No wheres, Lieutenant, be with you in a minnit,—just running back here after my wittles-bag, left behind!" And running and yelling—"whar's my wittles-bag?" he left the lieutenant vanquished. "I never hear of a haversack now," says the late so-called, "without remembering the incident of the wittles-bag."

Following the example so bravely set by the Virginia lady, a gallant North Carolina Colonel has entered the lists against the great jokers at the Capital of "the best government the world ever saw."

Many who were with the Army of Northern Virginia in its cantonments near Port Royal on the Rappahanock, during the winter of 1862-63, will remember "old Merriman," will remember too his kindness to Confederate soldiers, and above all, his droll humor. He was an especial favorite with the officers, who were indebted to him for many a hearty laugh around the camp fires during the long winter evenings.—He was a singularly odd looking personage, of short stature and quite corpulent. He had a bullet head, a pair of thrilling black eyes, a bushy head of black hair, and was, with all, a great stutterer.—One evening several officers, the writer among the number, had met accidentally at the quarters of

Gen. H., whose brigade was encamped upon Merriman's farm, and were endeavoring, as best they might, to get through the evening, when Merriman made his appearance, seemingly in great wrath. Those who knew him well could, however, detect that peculiar twinkle of his eye which so unmistakably indicated fun.—Gen. H., to whom Merriman was at that time a comparative stranger, arose and greeted him with his usual courtesy, when the following dialogue began:

"Ge-ge-ge-gen-general, s-s-s-some of th-th-them de-de-dam rascals of yours be-be-been ste-ste-stealing another one of my ho-ho-hogs."

The General, who was a strict disciplinarian, replied with a flashing eye, "Mr. Merriman, I would be very much obliged to you if you would find out the thieves and report them to me—I assure you, sir, they shall be severely punished."

"How-ow-ow-ow de hell! I go-go-going t-t-t-to fi-fi-find them out?"

"Search the camp, sir; you will be very apt to find some traces of your hog about the quarters of the thieves. Have you made a search?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, I be-be-be-been looking about."

"Did you find anything?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, I fou-fou-fou-found the ho-hog's he-he-head ri-ri-right out he-he-here be-be-be-behind your tent."

There was a roar from the officers, a peculiar dry smile from the General, such as was denominated in the army a "dry grin," and "old Merriman" went off better satisfied with the laugh he had elicited, and the General's discomfiture than if he had been thrice paid for his hog.

Whilst the rest of Jackson's corps was fighting the terrible battle of Chancellorsville, Early's division held the old lines below Fredericksburg, the field of the battle of the 13th of December preceding. It engaged the enemy in the bloody combat upon the turnpike above Marye's Heights on the evening of the 4th of May, and drove them across the river with heavy loss. During the day Gen. Early, who wished to reconnoitre the enemy from a position not accessible on horseback, dismounted and went forward on foot. He had remained upon the line some time, when he espied a soldier approaching, who had in tow a fellow soldier from the Emerald Isle, whose unsteady step betokened, unmistakably, an excess of the "ardent." The two were making their way to the rear, Pat's destination evidently being the guard-house. Stringent orders were in force against bringing spirits into camp, and for weeks the Provost guards had been searching wagons and even trunks and valises on the train, for the contraband article. As Pat neared the irate General, whose genius and courage, by the way, were largely in excess of his good nature, the latter broke out: "Here's another one of Hayes' Irishmen drunk. It seems perfectly natural for a Confederate soldier to get drunk, especially if he happens to belong to the Louis-

iana brigade. I do not blame them so much, but I would like to find out the man that brought that spirits into camp. I would be willing to let this poor devil go unpunished."

Pat! though considerably in for it, was not too drunk to hear the the General's last remark, as he was in the act of passing. Facing quickly about, he began: "Sure and was yer Honor saying that for the matter of me telling you where I got me whisky you would dhrive off this baste with his bagonett at me coat tail, and let me go back to me rigiment in pace?"

"Yes, sir! that was what I said."

"Sure your Honor, and it's meself that will be after telling you, for I know that its not the like of your Honor that would desave a poor soldier."

"I will be as good as my word, sir."

"Well, your Honor, meself and Tim Reeves were coming from the ordnance train with cartridges for the boys, and as we came through the bushes fernint the hill, as the Divil, bad luck to him, would have it, I found your Honor's horse tied; and as I stopped to admire the beautiful crature, what should I see but the mouth of a bottle sticking out of your Honor's saddle-bags and Begorra! your Honor, there was niver a member of me father's family could stand the like of it, and I said, faith! and it's meself as will press the mather of a few thrinks, for I know his Honor will niver begrudge a drham to a poor soldier fighting for his counthry."

The joke was too much even for the General's sternness, notwithstanding the loss of the whiskey, and breaking into one of his peculiar subdued laughs, he ordered Pat to be relieved and to begone.

Captain —— whose geniality is widely known, and who has been much rallied by his many friends upon his excessive corpulency, tells the following good one upon himself. The Captain, after a term of service with a gallant North Carolina regiment, found his way to the Army of the West, whither he carried some honorable scars from the battle-fields of Virginia. It was during the retreat from Nashville, after Hood's disastrous repulse, that the incident occurred. It happened that the army had to cross a deep sluggish creek, upon a narrow bridge, and as the Captain's regiment, which was near the end of the column, approached the bridge, he saw two disconsolate looking cavalrymen sitting upon their horses, and waiting, as they had probably done for hours, for an opportunity to cross. As the Captain approached, one of them, a long, lank cadaverous specimen, called out to his companion: "Bill, I recon this must be about the last of 'em, for by golley, yonder comes the old Butt Cut.

H. C. J.

Our kind and obliging friend H. M. K., of Columbus, Georgia, to whom we are already indebted for some of our best tit-bits, is resolved not to abandon us, though he is well aware that he cannot compete with the great wits of

the best government the world ever saw.

God bless the "LAND WE LOVE!" Poring over it, we again commune with the shadowy Past. Busy fancy groups around us old comrades—heroes they—the living and the dead. We are again with them, as when, by the lone flickering camp-fire, or the grim fireless bivouac, with pipe and story, we beguiled the anxious, weary hours.

Comrades of the "Lost Cause," we greet you, where'er you be.

After the battle of Shiloh, and while the army *lay* at Corinth, (no pun intended;) H. ——, a gallant officer of the "Fifth Georgia," (*we* were a "web-foot" then) was out relieving pickets, and at that particular juncture had a detachment of about ten men. H. ——, concluded to take a near cut, by crossing an open field that lay "between the lines;" when fairly out in open ground, to his great surprise, a squad of Yankee cavalry dashed out from the opposite side and were coming down on him like a "thousand of brick." H. ——, was game and ordered his men to "get into line, and stand up to 'em;" while getting his "right wing" into position, the "left" wavered; while rallying the "left" the "right gave away, and all hands made for the bushes."

'Twas nip and tuck with H. ——, and our Alabama man who was behind all the rest. H. —— still intent on fight—when he should reach cover jerked out between jumps; "Alabama—will—you—stay—with me?" Alabama making his best time—"Yes,—d—d if I don't—as long—as you keep—*this lick*." They reached their picket in safety, but they were "everlastingly" out of breath.

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Selma, Alabama, gives the next incident:

On the night of the second day of July, 1863, Law's brigade, of Hood's division, was on picket at New Guilford, twenty-five miles from Gettysburg. We received orders, to march, at 1 o'clock, a. m., of the 3d July, and in a few minutes afterwards, were en route for the battle-field, which we reached about 2 o'clock, p. m., after a wet, tiresome march, took position on the right of the army, and with little more than a moment's rest, entered the charge which drove the enemy back on his last line. From the musketry and cannister which met us here, we gave back to a position, halfway down the mountain side, where we were but a little while, before night-fall. Silence then became oppressive, and all communications were made in whispers lest the Yankee pickets, firing at the noise, would kill some of our videttes, or our comrades, who were seeking to aid our wounded, that lay between the lines, and whose moans in the silent darkness were pitiful to hear.

Private Perry, of company E., 4th Alabama infantry, being, as he said, "on the lookout for something," and about a hundred and fifty yards in advance of our line, was accosted by one of a group of *three*, as he thought, Yankees, and inferred from their

addressing him as "Jim," and asking "where ——— was," that they were waiting for two of their men, who were to return to them at that place. Comprehending the situation, he replied, "he's right down here—I'll go and get him." Returning to where he had just left Sergeant McKerning, of company C., of the same regiment, with a dying comrade, he stated the case to him and together, they returned to the waiting Yankees, who, unsuspectingly, permitted their guns to *touch* them before the thought occurred to them that "*these are Rebs!*" One of the *three* was a member of the 4th Alabama, whom they had captured in the dark, and whose visions of captivity ended in accompanying McKerning and Perry back to our lines, with the two "Feds" in tow.

It is well known, that our Northern brethren in the first years of the war, wore breast-plates under their coats so that while "saving the life of the nation" they might preserve their own. A great number of these breast-plates were found during the battles around Richmond, some were perforated with balls, others were not touched at all—the gallant owners thereof being killed by wounds *not* in the breast. We were a good deal amused at Cold Harbor by an Irishman's manner and remarks, who, after discovering a breast-plate on a slain officer in blue, was turning him over to ascertain the place of his wound, and observing that he had been struck a few inches below the small of the back, Patrick exclaimed, "Poor fellow! he kivered the wrong place with the iron. I'm after belaiving that he didn't know where his heart was!"

The great warrior of Massachusetts, Maj. General Butler, U. S. A., recently visited Norfolk, Va., the former scene of some of his most gallant household and culinary exploits. The little boys welcomed him back to Norfolk with enthusiastic shouts of "Spoons forever!" The modest and retiring General, being somewhat overwhelmed by these noisy demonstrations, applied through a sort of under-strapper, or valet to one Henry Adams, an Irish hackman, for a ride in his hack. (Adams had been a member of Mahone's regiment, brigade, and division, through the successive degrees of promotion of his commander.)

Valet. I want your hack.

Adams. You can't get it.

Valet. Why not?

Adams. There isn't money enough in Norfolk to buy a ride for the Baist in *my* hack!

Valet. I'll take it any how.

Adams. (Taking off his coat.) Faith and if that's your game, its time to be taking off me coat.

Valet. Where do you belong, any how?

Adams. I am one of Billy Mahone's boys.

Exit valet, followed by the pride of New England.

The late lamented Gen. Daniel (than whom a braver or better officer never lived) used to relate an incident of Malvern Hill. An old officer, who was very deaf, was quietly leading his men down the

River road, when the Yankee gunboats began to throw 100 pound shells among them, which the rebs called "lamp-posts." Not liking these Union arguments, the old gentleman led off into a thick wood and went himself into a deserted cabin and took a seat on a bench. Pretty soon, our Northern brethren opened their batteries on the woods, and the raw troops, never before under fire, sought shelter behind twigs two inches thick, when the crowd kept them off from the trees. The storm of projectiles was frightful, and fragments of shells repeatedly struck the cabin without disturbing the tranquility of the imperturbable officer. At length there was a lull in the firing, and the venerable man seemed to perceive that there was something unusual, for he came out of the cabin and peered curiously around. Was he noticing the torn and mutilated appearance of the forest? or was he shocked at the pitiful consternation of his half-frantic men?—Neither one! He took off his hat, turned his best ear towards Malvern Hill, put his hand behind it, and seemed to be listening attentively. At length he spoke in a sort of under tone, as if to himself, and in a puzzled sort of way: "I thought that I heard firing!"

This whole scene was brought vividly before us the other day, when a venerable friend remarked that he "feared the Military Bill would ruin the South!" 'Twas Malvern Hill over again. "I thought I heard firing!" Blessed then were the deaf, blessed now are the blind!

When Gen. Johnston's army was in winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia, an order was issued from Army Headquarters, allowing each soldier, who might bring in a recruit, a furlough. Many of the boys in grey availed themselves of this order to procure a furlough.

On one occasion when Cheatham's division was marching out to a grand review, they met a wagon, to which was attached six mules—five of them being white and one black. The soldiers, of course, always had something to say to every one they met, and they at once assailed the driver of the aforesaid wagon with, "Mister, why don't you get a white mule for your team?"

"Well," instantly replied the teamster, "I did have a white mule in my team, but he got a recruit and I give him a furlough."

EDITORIAL.

We have a curious coincidence to relate. But why say curious coincidence rather than strange coincidence? This brings up the whole subject of alliteration, that is, "the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of two or more words immediately succeeding each other, or at short intervals." Thus the enemies of the late Major General Butler, U. S. A. call him Beast Butler, and Brute Butler, when the adjectives hoggish or swinish would express the same idea. But beast and brute are preferred, because they begin with the same letter as does the name of the illustrious soldier. The second in command at Petersburg, in a note to the writer of this, in reference to the explosion of the celebrated mine, spoke of the Federal officer in charge thereof as Burnside, the Blunderer. So, the disloyal Tennesseans call Brownlow, the Blasphemer. So, the distinguished Puritan divine, is called Beecher, the Buffoon, when his enemies might employ the words charlatan and mountebank to convey the same meaning. When the pious David Hunter marched so boldly up the Valley of Virginia, burning and plundering, with no opposition but from a handful of cavalry, he was Hunter, the hero. But when Early met him, with nearly equal force, and sent him wandering through the inhospitable mountains, the Virginia papers called him Hunter, the Hound, in allusion to this sneaking retreat. We very often hear an eminent iron-monger called Old Thad, the Thug.—Mullaly, of the *Metropolitan*, and Brick Pomeroy, often profanely and improperly call the Commander of District No. 3. Pope, the Pup,—a title, which the jocose Mr. Lincoln is said to have conferred on him, after the 2nd Manassas. So in Copperhead prints we see McNeill, the Murderer, Sumner, the Sneak, and Wade, the Walrussian.

These illustrations show not merely that the great dignitaries of the United States have unfortunate names, but that the passion for alliteration is almost universal. 'Tis so natural too that even children use it unconsciously. Pope, the Poet, (not Mr. Lincoln's Pup) was very fond of alliteration. In the Universal Prayer, we have it in the third and fourth lines of the first verse:

> Father of all in every age
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage and by sage
> Jehovah, Jove or Lord.

So too in the celebrated line,

> Up the high hill he heaves the huge round stone.

In this line the letter h is the initial letter of four words.

An eminent critic attributes much of the smoothness and sweetness of Poe's poetry to his skillful employment of alliteration. But Poe is not peculiar in this matter. Churchill speaks of poets inclined as a class

> Alliteration's artful aid to invoke.

This is not at all surprising, since alliteration is a resemblance between letters as rhyme is between sounds, it is natural that the poet should call the assistance of the eye as well as the ear to advance his art. Words with the same initial letter in general have some kinship of sound. Butler will not live in poetry as Butler the corked-up, but as Butler the bottled-up, though the former was the expression, we believe, used by General Grant. It is natural then that poets should employ this art: in fact all of reputation have used it. Thus in Gray's elegy

The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

and

Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

Coleridge's most celebrated verse has alliteration in every line,

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river ran
Through caverns fathomless to man.
Down to a sunless sea

Open any passage of Dr. Young, at random, and you will find it full of alliteration, such as

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder and pronounce
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce.

The advice is as sound as the poetry is good. Again, the Dr. says

Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain
Man makes the matchless image man admires
Oh! how portentous is prosperity! . .
The man that blushes is not quite a brute . . . . .
Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene.

Even the stately Milton does not disdain to employ the alliterative art.

Adam addresses Eve after her transgression:

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost!
Defaced, deflowered and now to death devote!

He describes old Sathanas as "the spirited, sly, snake." And, in fact, there is no lack of alliteration any where in the great English epic. And the same may be said of Shakspeare and all successful poets. 'Tis but a part of their art and all use it more or less.

The propensity to seek resemblances in letters is precisely the same as that which seeks resemblances in occurrencs, as for instance, that the great events of a man's life, birth, marriage and death should occur on the same day. He, who feels an interest in the fact that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the 4th of July, a day that they had both helped to make glorious, will most likely have a taste for alliteration. Thus Napoleon, who was fond of tracing out resemblances, regarded the anniversaries of Marengo and Austerlitz as peculiarly propitious days in his career.

Poetry gives resemblances between sounds, alliteration between letters, and curious coincidences between events; and the fondness for any one of these is pretty sure to be associated with a fondness for the other two. So we come back to the curious coincidence which we started out to relate.

In their loyal hunt after the

pictures of "the late lamented," the loyal officials have opened many of our letters containing checks and post-office orders, instead of the pictures aforesaid.—At —— in Alabama, lives the loyalest of the loyal band of brothers, and nothing in the shape of a greenback has ever been able to escape his vigilance. Knowing full well that it would never do to trust heavy hands with such a *light-fingered* operation as feeling a letter, he has always relied upon his nose to get the odor of the loyal currency. But some weeks ago, we sent the proof of a poem to the author at Greenville, Ala. To the outward touch, the proof-sheets felt exactly like loyal greenbacks, and our loyal friend, instead of applying his nose was satisfied with the feel and broke the letter open—to find a poem entitled, "Shot Thro' the Heart!"

Ah! there was a pang in that loyal breast! Ah! there was a shot through that loyal heart when proof-sheets were discovered instead of loyal greenbacks!

The curious coincidence consists in the resemblance between the title of the poem and the situation of the loyal P. M. when he discovered his mistake. Several weeks have passed away since that sad event and two letters have got safely by that dangerous point in Ala. What does it mean? Is that loyal and vigilant P. M. dead—"shot thro' the heart?" There is something wrong with him, else he would never have permitted those two letters to pass. *Requiescat in pace.* We will send proof-sheets to other points hoping for the same blessed results!

Col. John S. Mosby was hissed in the gold room in New York.—So say the newspapers. This is the first intimation that we had received that the great gold men of New York were interested in the sutler wagons upon which Mosby used to fall so mercilessly. The revelation is curious.

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Gen. Sherman, in his St. Louis speech, said that the South would ever remember the rebellion with shame as well as sorrow. The General is right. We will ever remember, with shame, that a General, speaking the same language with ourselves, sent among us hordes of bummers to rival the deeds of Attila, the Hun. The General is right. That march to the sea will be remembered for ages with deep, burning shame, by all of generous natures throughout the whole breadth of the land.

——

John W. Forney, living right under the shadow of the Capitol of the best government the world ever saw, has caught some of the wit of our jocose rulers and has gotten up almost as nice a piece of pleasantry as the Congressional joke. He congratulates Georgia that she will soon take her place by the side of her sister Tennessee, enjoying all the blessings of the restored union. Now John W. Forney knows that there is no spot on the globe where there is less of happiness, peace and tranquility than in Tennessee. But Tennessee is in the Union under Radical domination and he hopes to wheedle Georgia into the same position. Witty Forney! Happy Georgia! Happy Tennessee!

The *Church Union* is a paper published in New York, avowedly with the design of bringing about a union between all denominations. No other proof need be given of the unchristian character of the paper, than the bare statement that it publishes a sermon from Beecher every week. We would suggest to our loyal contemporary a much simpler plan of Church Union than he proposes. We feel sure that all the Beecherites and heretics of every name in the loyal North will unite on a Confession of Faith, embracing but a single article, viz: hearty and true repentance of Southern sins. We think that this short creed would be entirely acceptable to the novel-writing, play-going Puritan preacher and his worshippers.

A loyal editor has no easy task in these sad days. We get twenty times more prose than we can publish, and at least fifty times more poetry than we can even read. But each contributor is angry when his piece does not appear in the first issue after its reception, and raps us soundly for our want of taste and discrimination. When an article has been published and we would fain hope that we were done with it forever, there will come another article correcting its errors. We published last winter a Report of a battle by one of our ablest Generals, which seemed to reflect upon a subordinate. The latter sent his correction, and we thought that we had fairly and honestly given the substance of it, but he was not satisfied, because we had not used his own words. Then came a correction from General Pendleton, of Gen. Humphrey's Report, and we thought that we would do the right thing, by giving General P's. own language. But, in this, it seems, we were again in error. General P. wished us to make the correction after our own fashion. As Gen. P's. letter was not marked *private*, we supposed that the portion of it relating to Humphrey's Report, was for publication, and thought that we would not subject ourselves to a second censure, by attempting to give the substance of it. Moreover, it seemed to us that when a writer, in correcting a published article, reflects upon others, the writer, and not the editor, should be responsible for those reflections. We tried to act in good faith by all the parties concerned, and still think that we did right. We give Gen. P. the benefit of his second explanation:

GENERAL :—I was surprised, on looking over your issue for November, to find published an extract from my private note to yourself asking that an injurious mistake of Gen. Humphrey's in his account of 2nd Fredericksburg, might be corrected.

Will you oblige me by inserting in your next number this note of explanation?

The opinion expressed by me that the removal of the guns, of which Gen. Humphreys did not know, was an error, I intended only a quiet thought of my own, conveyed in the freedom of private communication. I had not the slightest idea of appearing as the public censor of my friend General Chilton, whom I esteem as a faithful officer and estimable gentleman.

Far less did I dream of publishing even a conditional disapproval of arrangements, that may have emanated from our honored and beloved General Lee, to whom, beside the reverence for his virtues, which I share with all the country, I am bound by ties of peculiar sacredness.

Perhaps I was not sufficiently guarded, in even privately and incidentally

expressing an opinion of error in such a case, without qualifying it as a conditional impression from my stand point.

Just as General Humphreys erred in censuring where he did not know the facts, I should be in fault to express, especially in print, any positive, far more an unfavorable judgment, from my limited field of observation, of movements directed by the almost unerring sagacity of the justly trusted commander, who had in view all the conditions of the occasion.

Yours, very truly,
W. N. PENDLETON.

There is not a man of soul in the South whatever may be his prejudices against Mr. Davis, who does not honor those brave and generous men of the North, Chas. O'Conor and Wm. B. Reed—the able counselors and faithful friends of the vicarious sufferer for the Southern people. At a time when the passions of the North were lashed into a frenzy of madness against Mr. Davis by the foul perjuries of suborned witnesses, these true men boldly confronted the wild prejudices of their section and dared to volunteer their services to defend the unfortunate prisoner, whom it had become the *fashion* to denounce and traduce. Courage and generosity always command the admiration of noble minds, but they become objects of reverence rather than of admiration, when exercised in a high and honorable cause. So these two men are honored and revered at the South (and we fain hope at the North also) as few men have ever been.

Every heart capable of human emotion in our section will be pained at the sad intelligence that when the Hon. Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, was looked for in Richmond at the expected trial of Mr. Davis in November, he was hanging over the dying bed of his young and lovely wife (twenty years his junior,) and that he himself sorely needs a kindred sympathy, to that which he so freely bestowed on our illustrious sufferer.

Through a friend we have gained some interesting facts concerning the deceased, which prove her to have been a worthy consort of her noble husband.

Mrs. Mary L. Reed, the wife of the Hon. William B. Reed, died at her husband's residence, near Philadelphia, on the evening of the 15th November, after a few hours' illness. We depart from our usual rule to pay a sincere tribute to the memory of this lady. We write as Southern Journalists about a friend of the South. She was in the prime of life and of intelligence. Born in the North,—bred in the North, never, as we have understood, having seen the South or known Southern associations, surrounded too by friends and family of Northern affinities and prejudices, Mrs. Reed, from the beginning of the civil war to the end of her gentle life, was in close and earnest sympathy with us. In her husband's opinions, well known to every man and woman in the South, she shared, not with mere deference, but with earnest sincerity. She stood by him nobly and resolutely, and aided him to breast the storm which sectional prejudice aroused, and which, through some anomalous process we have never been able to comprehend, raged more fiercely in Philadelphia than any where else. She bore the seclu-

sion and privations her peculiar attitude entailed with calm and cheerful heroism. Too gentle to rejoice in bloody victories on either side, feeling sincere sympathy for her immediate neighbors, into whose homes came death and suffering, her's was the daily prayer that civil strife should cease and peace come back to us with mercy by its side. She lived to see peace but not mercy.—Never taking part in the gaudy charities which, in the form of Fairs and Bazaars, were the fashion in the Northern cities, it was her modest pleasure to minister to the wants of poor Confederate prisoners, to give to them what she could, from moderate means—and to ply for them, her busy needle. It was not much she could do—but it was gladly done. Mrs. Reed leaves two young children to mourn her loss. We may be permitted to hope they will emulate her gentle virtues and inherit the sentiments and opinions which have made us—poor sufferers of the South,—feel so kindly to both their parents.

The Abolitionists have been telling us, for a half century, of the degradation and bestiality of the negro through the baneful influence of the oppression of slavery. But no sooner has slavery been abolished than these same philanthropists contend that the degraded, bestialized subject of it is fit to sit upon juries, to exercise the elective franchise, to take his seat in State or National Legislature, and to discharge all the high and responsible duties of intelligent manhood. Now there is an inconsistency somewhere. Either the tales of cruelty and atrocity were not true, or the negro *is* in the degraded condition he was represented to be in. The Abolitionists were either liars before emancipation or they are knaves since. The negro is degraded or he is not degraded. If the former, it is wrong and wicked to clothe him with the privileges which should only belong to worth and intelligence. If the latter, then the thrilling tales of cruelty, which have been poured out from pulpit and press for half a century, have been deliberate falsehoods.

This is the present dilemma of the party of great moral ideas.—They have either to write themselves down as liars or fools. Impartial History will probably not be embarrassed by this difficulty and will rank them with both classes!

Some of the saints have sense enough to see the absurdity of their present position or the wickedness of their ante-war declarations. Gov. Morton of Indiana in a speech at Richmond (Indiana) has presented the subject with great force. He says:

"To say that such men, (negroes) and it is no fault of theirs, it is simply their misfortune, and the crime of this nation, to say that such men, just emerging from this slavery, are qualified for the exercise of political power is to make the strongest pro-slavery argument I ever heard. It is to pay the highest compliment to the institution of slavery.

"What has been our practice for many years? We have invariably

described slavery as degrading, both to the body and soul. We have described it as bringing human beings down to the level of the beasts of the field. We have described it as a crime depriving the slaves of intellectual and moral culture, and of all the gifts that God had made the most precious. If we shall now turn round and say that this institution has been a blessing to the negro, instead of a curse; that it has qualified him for the right of suffrage and the exercise of political power, *we shall stultify ourselves and give the lie to those declarations upon which we have gained political power.*"

It may be contended that the South has equally stultified herself by first denying the atrocities of slavery, and then refusing to the freedmen the right of suffrage. Not at all. The South, whether erroneously or not, has always maintained that the negro belonged to an inferior race, and justified slavery upon that ground. Her position, then, has been consistent throughout, while the present attitude of the Abolitionists is one of pitiable self-stultification.

But their position is ungenerous as well as inconsistent. While refusing negro suffrage to a handful of negroes at home, who could do no harm even with this privilege granted, they are forcing us to grant it to millions, who can upturn the whole face of society. That sound Democratic paper, the Philadelphia *Age* has presented this view with great force:

"As the Radicals still insist upon forcing negro suffrage on the people of the South, it is well to look at the manner in which the proposition to confer the ballot on the negroes of certain States in the North has been received by white men. The figures are as follows:

	Against.	*For.*	*Majority Against.*
Ohio	255,340	216,987	38,353
Kansas	16,114	7,591	8,523
Minnesota	28,739	27,461	1,278
New Jersey	67,468	51,114	16,354

"Now, this is the verdict of white men against granting the elective franchise to negroes in States where the latter could, by no possibility, make such a combination as to hold the balance of power, much less elect their own color to offices of honor, trust, or profit. The annexed table will show the proportion of whites and negroes in the four States named above:

	White males.	*Negro males.*
Ohio	1,171,729	18,442
Kansas	58,892	286
Minnesota	91,804	126
New Jersey	322,763	14,312

"If the people of Kansas, where there are but two hundred and eighty-six negroes, and those of Minnesota, where only one hundred and twenty-six negroes claim a residence, will not entrust these with the ballot, why should negroes be made voters in States where they can control the elections?"

There is one argument, however, in opposition to negro suffrage, to which the loyal North cannot be insensible. The three great, wealthy, and intelligent States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, have repudiated negro suffrage by overwhelming majorities. These States in 1860 had a population of 9,126,361. In round numbers, it may be estimated at 10,000,000 to-day. These 10,000,000 will have but six Senators in the Congress of the United States.

It is now pretty evident that the 3,000,000 of negroes, in the ten Southern States, voting in solid phalanx under the control of the "Loyal Leagues," hold the balance of power and will either elect to the Senate of the United States persons of their own race and color, or the low, base and unprincipled whites, who, for selfish purposes, are coöperating with them. They will thus have supreme control over the appointment of twenty members of the United States Senate. Upon all matters, then, which come within the province of that Body—making treaties, confirming or rejecting Executive nominations, &c.,—the three millions of negroes will have a more potential voice than the ten millions of whites! The negroes standing in the ratio to the whites of 3 to 10 will outvote them in the ratio of 20 to 6! In the most important functions of the government, the vote of the Southern negro has 11 1-9 more value than that of the white man of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio!!! It is an insult to the intelligence and the patriotism of these great States to believe that such a monstrous state of things can be tolerated for any great length of time.

The material argument, too, addresses itself to the loyal North. How can the country do without the great staples of the South?—Rice has ceased to be a Southern product. Sugar has fallen off to almost nothing. Cotton and tobacco will not be raised another season in sufficient quantities to pay the tax on land. The South is repeating over again the history of Hayti and Jamaica. One shrewd Northern Journal, the New York *Herald*, is fully alive to the danger of the situation, and sees clearly that the Jacobins, in their mad scramble to perpetuate their power, are entailing ruin upon the North as well as the South. It says:

"As we are directed now by the radical element, we photograph upon our present institutions and on future history at least one-third of the picture of Hayti. In that unfortunate country, we have had nothing but a war of races since its discovery by Columbus. From the negro emperor Jacques I. in 1804, to the present ruler, Salnave, the Haytien part of the island has presented even a worse condition than that which is presented in the long years of wholesale Spanish murders which made its horrors a proverb. How rapidly the country marches to the primitive barbarism which is the delight of the negro race is best shown by the value of the exports just previous to the accession of Jacques I. compared with those of to-day. At that time they reached the large figure of $27,828,000. To-day they are scarcely $8,000,000.

But if Hayti exhibits a sorry argument for negro domination, what does Jamaica show? Since the island was given up to negro rule its march has been rapid from bad to worse, until to-day one of the finest and formerly one of the most productive of all the West India group lies but a wreck in negro hands."

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Jan 1868—3m*

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☞ Cotton and Naval Stores Bought or Received on Consignment. ☜

Jan 1868—3m*

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October 1st, 1867. FREER & NEAL.

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Jan 1868—3m*

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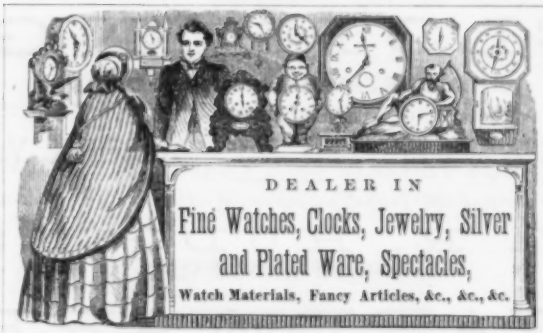

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Jan—3m*

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INEZ,

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Jan—3m*

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Jan—3m*

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Dealers in Bagging, Rope, Iron Ties, Lime Plaster, Cement, Hair, Peruvian Guano and Baugh's Super Phosphate of Lime.

Jan—3m.

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WILLIAMSBORO',

GRANVILLE COUNTY, N. C.,

Nine Miles from Henderson on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad.

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The Spring Session of 1868 begins on the 9th of January.

The regular course of studies is such as to prepare boys for the

Freshmen or Sophomore Class

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ELECTIVE COURSE

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Passengers have choice of three Routes from Weldon, Viz:

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Jan—6m

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Jan—1m*

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Jan—3m*

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REFER TO

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Col. J. L. Bridgers, " " Dr. W. J. Hawkins, Ridgeway, N. C.,
And to all who have used the Guano. Sept 1867—1yr*

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Daily Freight Train leaves Wilmington at 5.00 a. m., passes Goldsboro at 12.30 p. m., and arrives at Weldon at 7.00 p. m. Leaves Weldon daily at 5.00 a. m., passes Goldsboro at 12 m., and arrives at Wilmington at 7.00 p. m.

Wilmington Nov. 18, '67.

S. L. FREMONT,

Jan—3m.

Chief Eng. and Supt.

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Jan—2m.

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Dec 1867.

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ORGANIZED AUGUST, 1865.

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This Bank will buy the Notes of most of the Southern Banks; will give prompt attention to Collections on this or other accessible points; to the adjustment of old claims; and receive any other business that can be attended to by this Association.

Dec 1867—

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M. MARTIN & CO.,

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Dec 1867—3m

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Dec.—4t.

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FROM THE SCUPPERNONG GRAPE.

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Oct. 1867—3m

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Sept. 1867—6t

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SUMMER SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JUNE 16, THE MAIL TRAIN WILL BE RUN BETWEEN Richmond and the western terminus of the road (which in a few weeks will be at Covington) daily, except on Sunday, and on Sunday between Richmond and Gordonsville.

Leave Richmond	7.15 A. M.
Leave western terminus	4.23 A. M.
Arrive in Richmond	3.45 P. M.
Arrive at western terminus	6.52 P. M.
The Freight Train leaves Richmond daily, except on Saturdays, at	6.00 P. M.
Arrives in Richmond, except on Mondays	8.45 A. M.

A Passenger Car will be attached to this train east of Gordonsville.

Passengers for Augusta Springs leave the road at Staunton;

Passengers for Natural Bridge, Rockbridge Baths and Alum Springs at Goshen;

Passengers for Bath Alum, Warm, Hot, and Healing Springs at Millboro';

Passengers for White, and Salt Sulphur, and Sweet Springs at western terminus.

The arrangements with stages are such as to avoid night travel after 9 P. M. in all cases.

Through tickets sold to all the above points. Also, to all prominent points in the Southwest, to Washington and northern cities, and to prominent points in the Valley of Virginia, and on the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

H. D. WHITCOMB, General Superintendent.

Nov 1867—3t*

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Nov.—3m*

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OLD DOMINION FERTILIZER,

An Ammoniated Super-phosphate of Lime, containing 4 per cent. Ammonia,

PHOSPHO-PERUVIAN GUANO,

A manipulated Guano, containing 8 per cent. Ammonia,

Pure ground Plaster.

TERMS CASH.—Orders respectfully solicited.

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SOLUBLE

PACIFIC GUANO.

Office of General Agency, 71 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

JNO. S. REESE & CO., Gen'l Ag'ts for the Company.

THE very extended use of this GUANO throughout the country has fully made known its remarkable excellence and superiority. If concurrent testimony as the result of experience affords any guide to truth, this Guano is worth more dollars per ton than Peruvian Guano. This testimony can be had from farmers in all parts of thecountry. It is a result that must follow from the composition of the Guano. It is unnecessary for us to say more than that the quality and composition of the Guano now in market is the same as that heretofore sold by us for the Company. The same system of inspection is kept up. This is done at a heavy annual expense to the Company, as well for their interests as the protection of consumers.

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Sept. 1867—6m*

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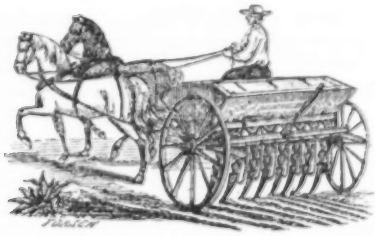

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OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

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TO

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The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

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Dec—1867—1y*

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Chronometer Watches, Timing Watches, Stem-Winding Watches, Heavy Silver Watches, Diamond Jewelry, Pearl Jewelry, Coral Jewelry, Other styles of Jewelry, Chain and Band Bracelets, Studs and Sleeve-Buttons, Wedding Rings, Gents Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Ware, Wedding Presents, Ladies' Gold Chains, Gents' Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Tea Sets, Waiters and Casters, Forks, Spoons and Knives, Rogers' Table Cutlery, Clocks and Opera-Glasses, Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Gold Pens and Pencils.

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Sept. 1867—6m*

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Keep always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

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Directions for Measuring

Sent upon application, with samples of GOODS.

Sept. 1867—1yr*

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—o—

THE undersigned respectfully calls the attention of the Planting Community to his Fertilizing compounds, and confidently asserts their superior excellence.

For several years before the war he was engaged with John Kettlewell, Esq., now deceased, in the preparation of Fertilizers, and none attained to a more excellent reputation than the

KETTLEWELL MANIPULATED GUANO,

and deservedly so, when the composition of this valuable preparation is made known. Simply, an intimate combination of *choice Peruvian* and *Phosphatic Guano*, by costly machinery, with the addition now of absorbent *Alkali* as advised by eminent counsel. In the re-introduction of this compound in 1866, further testimony has been added setting forth its great value in the production of *Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Tobacco*, &c., and now challenges competition with any compound, not excepting Peruvian Guano in the production of *all crops* and permanent improvement of land. The theory advanced by Mr. Kettlewell, introducing the manipulated Guano in reducing the Ammonia of the Peruvian Guano and increasing the Bone Phosphate of Lime is now accepted by a vast number of planters as the proper mode of application. In the border and gulf States universal testimony is accredited. It produces more grain of better quality than Peruvian Guano pound for pound—as a permanent Fertilizer admits of no comparison—beautifully prepared for drill or broadcast.

AMMONIATED ALKALINE PHOSPHATE,

A GENERAL MANURE.

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Alkaline Phosphate,

Very rich in Potash, Soda, Phosphate, Chlorine, &c.

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PURE GROUND PLASTER IN BBLS.

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" A. " " ¼ and ¾	60	"	"	"
Ammoniated Alkaline Phosphate	55	"	"	"
Alkaline Phosphate	45	"	"	"

Sold by agents throughout the Southern States, where analysis and certificates can be seen.

Reference to agents, consumers and mercantile community of our city, also to Gen. D. H. Hill, of this magazine.

G. OBER.

Sept 1867—6m 68 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

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HEWES & WARNER,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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COTTON, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

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OFFICE SECOND FLOOR.

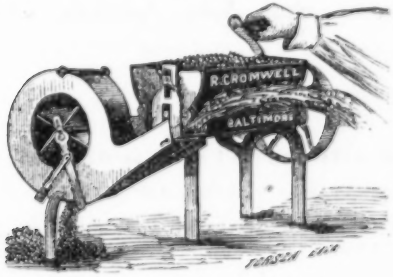
REFER TO

Gen. D. H. Hill, Ed. Land We Love, Nov.—6t* | Messrs. Worthington & Lewis, Pub. American Farmer.

McDOWELL & BAECHTEL,

PATENT

FAMILY HOMINY MILL WITH FAN ATTACHMENT.



THIS FAMILY HOMINY MILL was invented some years since, and has constantly been improved, until it is a perfect Machine. It combines in its manufacture, Durability, Strength, Reliability, and Simplicity. It is considered the best MILL of its kind, made in America. Hundreds of farmers in all the States testify to its making "the very best Table Hominy, and say it is a complete success; and that every Farmer should buy one." As EXCLUSIVE SOLE AGENT for the United States, I keep constantly on hand, a full stock of the above MILLS; The Trade supplied at liberal discount. Full Directions accompany each Mill. Retail Price, in Baltimore, for each Mill, $5.

RICHARD CROMWELL,

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Nov 1867—3t

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NORTH STATE WASHING MACHINE---BEST IN USE.

Patented October 15th, 1867, by the Subscribers and Manufacturers, at Charlotte, N. C.

It is easy to operate, occupies a small space and does not injure articles to be washed. It is strong and substantial, and does its work in a short time. It is an actual improvement on others of similar outside appearance.

In the North State Washing Machine, the Clothes are placed in hot suds and while thus immersed with the air excluded, the Machine is operated, giving the garments a rolling, rubbing pressure, and at the same time they receive the solvent power of the soap.

This Machine gives the advantage of using boiling suds and of confining the steam. It can be worked sitting or standing. It is cheap. The price of it puts it within reach of nearly every family, and pays its cost back in saving of the garments.

TRY IT! TRY IT!! BUY IT!!!

Manufactured and sold by BARNHARDT & HOUSTON,
Charlotte, N. C.

CERTIFICATES.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 22, 1867.

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Charlotte Female Institute.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 30, 1867.—Messrs. Barnhardt & Houston:—Sirs: I have tried your Washing Machine, and fully concur in everything that Mrs. Burwell says in regard to it. Yours, Truly,

Jan 3m] MRS. DR. J. M. MILLER.

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TRADE-ST., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A. G. BRENIZER, Cashier.
C. N. G. BUTT, Teller.

Buys and Sells Gold and Silver Coin, Bullion, Southern Bank Notes, Bonds, Stocks, &c.

Collections made on all accessible points.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS OF GOLD AND CURRENCY.

Dec 1867—

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods and Notions,

281 W. BALTIMORE STREET.

Baltimore, Md.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

CANFIELD, BRO. & CO.,

229 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Gold and Silver Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Stones, Fine Jewelry

Of the greatest variety and newest styles.

Elegant Silver Ware, Fine Silver-Plated Ware of the best quality, including an assortment of the GORHAM COMPANY'S Superior Nickel Plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Waiters, Casters, Baskets, Butter Stands, Pickle Stands, Forks, Spoons, &c., &c., &c.

Paris Clocks, Bronzes and rich Fancy Goods.

Trans. Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

MILITARY GOODS.

PURCHASERS CAN RELY UPON GOODS BEING AS REPRESENTED.

Jan 3m*

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Manufacturers of Grand, square & upright

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sion and privations her peculiar attitude entailed with calm and cheerful heroism. Too gentle to rejoice in bloody victories on either side, feeling sincere sympathy for her immediate neighbors, into whose homes came death and suffering, her's was the daily prayer that civil strife should cease and peace come back to us with mercy by its side. She lived to see peace but not mercy.—Never taking part in the gaudy charities which, in the form of Fairs and Bazaars, were the fashion in the Northern cities, it was her modest pleasure to minister to the wants of poor Confederate prisoners, to give to them what she could, from moderate means—and to ply for them, her busy needle. It was not much she could do—but it was gladly done. Mrs. Reed leaves two young children to mourn her loss. We may be permitted to hope they will emulate her gentle virtues and inherit the sentiments and opinions which have made us—poor sufferers of the South,—feel so kindly to both their parents.

The Abolitionists have been telling us, for a half century, of the degradation and bestiality of the negro through the baneful influence of the oppression of slavery. But no sooner has slavery been abolished than these same philanthropists contend that the degraded, bestialized subject of it is fit to sit upon juries, to exercise the elective franchise, to take his seat in State or National Legislature, and to discharge all the high and responsible duties of intelligent manhood. Now there is an inconsistency somewhere. Either the tales of cruelty and atrocity were not true, or the negro *is* in the degraded condition he was represented to be in. The Abolitionists were either liars before emancipation or they are knaves since. The negro is degraded or he is not degraded. If the former, it is wrong and wicked to clothe him with the privileges which should only belong to worth and intelligence. If the latter, then the thrilling tales of cruelty, which have been poured out from pulpit and press for half a century, have been deliberate falsehoods.

This is the present dilemma of the party of great moral ideas.—They have either to write themselves down as liars or fools. Impartial History will probably not be embarrassed by this difficulty and will rank them with both classes!

Some of the saints have sense enough to see the absurdity of their present position or the wickedness of their ante-war declarations. Gov. Morton of Indiana in a speech at Richmond (Indiana) has presented the subject with great force. He says:

"To say that such men, (negroes) and it is no fault of theirs, it is simply their misfortune, and the crime of this nation, to say that such men, just emerging from this slavery, are qualified for the exercise of political power is to make the strongest pro-slavery argument I ever heard. It is to pay the highest compliment to the institution of slavery.

"What has been our practice for many years? We have invariably

described slavery as degrading, both to the body and soul. We have described it as bringing human beings down to the level of the beasts of the field. We have described it as a crime depriving the slaves of intellectual and moral culture, and of all the gifts that God had made the most precious. If we shall now turn round and say that this institution has been a blessing to the negro, instead of a curse; that it has qualified him for the right of suffrage and the exercise of political power, *we shall stultify ourselves and give the lie to those declarations upon which we have gained political power.*"

It may be contended that the South has equally stultified herself by first denying the atrocities of slavery, and then refusing to the freedmen the right of suffrage. Not at all. The South, whether erroneously or not, has always maintained that the negro belonged to an inferior race, and justified slavery upon that ground. Her position, then, has been consistent throughout, while the present attitude of the Abolitionists is one of pitiable self-stultification.

But their position is ungenerous as well as inconsistent. While refusing negro suffrage to a handful of negroes at home, who could do no harm even with this privilege granted, they are forcing us to grant it to millions, who can upturn the whole face of society. That sound Democratic paper, the Philadelphia *Age* has presented this view with great force:

"As the Radicals still insist upon forcing negro suffrage on the people of the South, it is well to look at the manner in which the proposition to confer the ballot on the negroes of certain States in the North has been received by white men. The figures are as follows:

	Against.	*For.*	*Majority Against.*
Ohio	255,340	216,987	38,353
Kansas	16,114	7,591	8,523
Minnesota	28,750	27,461	1,288
New Jersey	67,468	51,114	16,354

"Now, this is the verdict of white men against granting the elective franchise to negroes in States where the latter could, by no possibility, make such a combination as to hold the balance of power, much less elect their own color to offices of honor, trust, or profit. The annexed table will show the proportion of whites and negroes in the four States named above:

	White males.	*Negro males.*
Ohio	1,171,729	18,442
Kansas	58,892	286
Minnesota	91,894	126
New Jersey	322,763	12,312

"If the people of Kansas, where there are but two hundred and eighty-six negroes, and those of Minnesota, where only one hundred and twenty-six negroes claim a residence, will not entrust these with the ballot, why should negroes be made voters in States where they can control the elections?"

There is one argument, however, in opposition to negro suffrage, to which the loyal North cannot be insensible. The three great, wealthy, and intelligent States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, have repudiated negro suffrage by overwhelming majorities. These States in 1860 had a population of 9,126,361. In round numbers, it may be estimated at 10,000,000 to-day. These 10,000,000 will have but six Senators in the Congress of the United States.

It is now pretty evident that the 3,000,000 of negroes, in the ten Southern States, voting in solid phalanx under the control of the "Loyal Leagues," hold the balance of power and will either elect to the Senate of the United States persons of their own race and color, or the low, base and unprincipled whites, who, for selfish purposes, are coöperating with them. They will thus have supreme control over the appointment of twenty members of the United States Senate. Upon all matters, then, which come within the province of that Body—making treaties, confirming or rejecting Executive nominations, &c.,—the three millions of negroes will have a more potential voice than the ten millions of whites! The negroes standing in the ratio to the whites of 3 to 10 will outvote them in the ratio of 20 to 6! In the most important functions of the government, the vote of the Southern negro has 11 1-9 more value than that of the white man of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio!!! It is an insult to the intelligence and the patriotism of these great States to believe that such a monstrous state of things can be tolerated for any great length of time.

The material argument, too, addresses itself to the loyal North. How can the country do without the great staples of the South?—Rice has ceased to be a Southern product. Sugar has fallen off to almost nothing. Cotton and tobacco will not be raised another season in sufficient quantities to pay the tax on land. The South is repeating over again the history of Hayti and Jamaica. One shrewd Northern Journal, the New York *Herald*, is fully alive to the danger of the situation, and sees clearly that the Jacobins, in their mad scramble to perpetuate their power, are entailing ruin upon the North as well as the South. It says:

"As we are directed now by the radical element, we photograph upon our present institutions and on future history at least one-third of the picture of Hayti. In that unfortunate country, we have had nothing but a war of races since its discovery by Columbus. From the negro emperor Jacques I. in 1804, to the present ruler, Salnave, the Haytien part of the island has presented even a worse condition than that which is presented in the long years of wholesale Spanish murders which made its horrors a proverb. How rapidly the country marches to the primitive barbarism which is the delight of the negro race is best shown by the value of the exports just previous to the accession of Jacques I. compared with those of to-day. At that time they reached the large figure of $27,828,000. To-day they are scarcely $8,000,000.

But if Hayti exhibits a sorry argument for negro domination, what does Jamaica show? Since the island was given up to negro rule its march has been rapid from bad to worse, until to-day one of the finest and formerly one of the most productive of all the West India group lies but a wreck in negro hands."

LILY.

ONLY CHILD OF

GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.

Engd by R. Wattenbarch, for

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